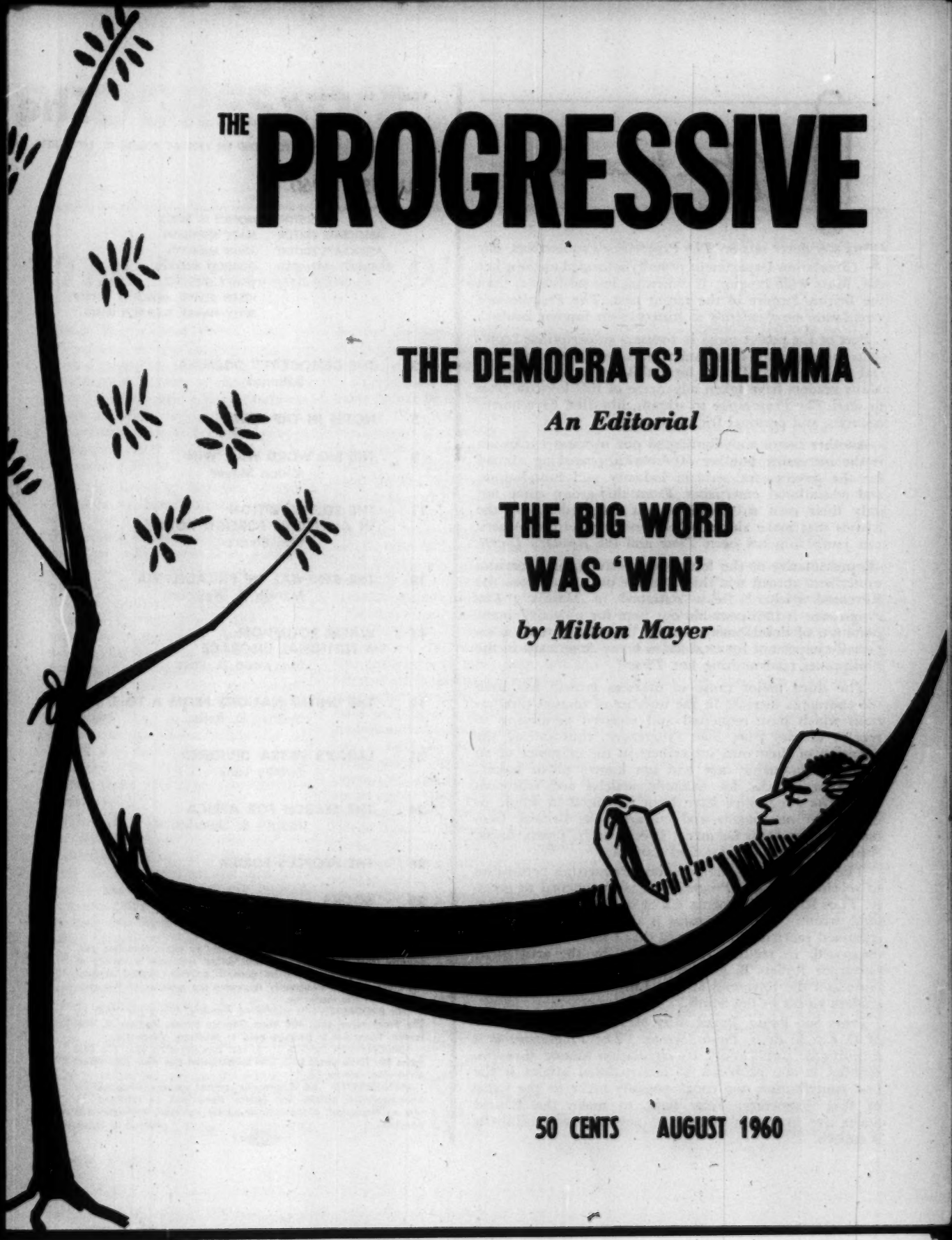
THE PROGRESSIVE

THE DEMOCRATS' DILEMMA

An Editorial

THE BIG WORD WAS 'WIN'

by Milton Mayer



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Office memo

THE SUN never sets on *The Progressive's* subscribers, our Circulation Department proudly informed us the other day. More wide ranging, if somewhat less profitable, than the British Empire of the recent past, *The Progressive's* circulation now extends to ninety-seven foreign lands.

Part of the recent surge in overseas subscriptions represents the response of our American subscribers to the special three-for-two offer in force this spring and summer. Many readers have taken advantage of this low-cost plan to send *The Progressive* to schools, libraries, government agencies, and personal friends abroad.

Another factor contributing to our overseas expansion is the increasing number of Americans working abroad for the government, private industry and foundations, and educational enterprises. From this group come not only their own subscriptions but gift orders for the friends they make abroad whose only exposure to American journalism has been *Time* and the *Reader's Digest.*

Representative of the letters we receive from American subscribers abroad was this note the other day from the Reverend Richard Deats stationed in Manila: *"The Progressive* is indispensable out here for objective interpretation of developments in the United States. It is especially important for us since so many Americans in the Philippines read nothing but *Time."*

The third major cause of overseas growth has been the enormous increase in the number of foreign publications which have requested and received permission to reprint articles from *The Progressive,* thus calling the attention of their own subscribers to the existence of an American magazine they had not known about before. In recent months, for example, articles and editorials from *The Progressive* have been reprinted in whole or in part by newspapers and magazines in Britain, Denmark, France, West Germany, Greece, Italy, Japan, India, Australia, Brazil, Mexico, and Canada.

The comments of foreign editors requesting permission to reprint from *The Progressive* have heartened us greatly. Thus Richard Clements, editor of the *Tribune* of England, wrote: *"The Progressive* is about the best and best informed journal from America that I see. I am especially impressed, in reading recent issues, by the articles by Governor Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey on civil defense and the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., on the student sit-ins in the South."

From Sao Paulo, Brazil, Ruy Mesquita, foreign editor of *O Estado de S. Paulo,* wrote: *"The Progressive* is a magnificent publication. Its circulation among those interested in the problems of international affairs is the best contribution one could possibly make to the cause of real democracy. Your fight to make the United States live up to its moral and political responsibilities is superb."

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PROGRESSIVE

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

The Democrats' Dilemma

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY faces the nation in the coming campaign with a candidate for President who is moderately liberal, a candidate for Vice President who is moderately conservative, and a platform that is more progressive than either. We propose to pause briefly at each point of this political triangle.

In nominating Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts for President, the Democrats did not choose their ablest leader. Rather they picked the man whose relentless, four-year quest for the nomination enabled him to turn loose on the convention floor a political organization that rumbled to victory with the shattering force of a fleet of bulldozers. It was a grim, ruthless, no-nonsense operation, more metallic than joyous, more mechanical than enthusiastic. James Reston of the New York *Times* expressed the judgment of many other correspondents when he observed that to the very end a doubt persisted "in every honest mind" among those who came committed to Kennedy.

It was this absence of fire and fervor for the candidate who had the nomination in the bag that contributed so strikingly to the mood of apathy that dominated the convention proceedings from start to finish. On only two occasions, both involving Adlai Stevenson, did the convention break away from its contrived character and express an authentic note of deep dedication and affection—to the bitter annoyance of the Kennedy camp.

The character of the successful campaign in behalf of Kennedy's candidacy reflected, in many ways, the character of the man himself—cool, calculating, ruthless, resourceful, intelligent, tireless, and courageous. Behind the boyish smile lies an inner toughness and beneath the surface shyness a hard sophistication.

Except for a few aberrations, which came before he embarked on his quest for the Presidency, Kennedy's record in Congress is excellent. On most major domestic issues, he has been a voting, if perhaps not a militant, liberal. In the field of foreign affairs, he has ranged himself on the side of the half-dozen or so Senators, notably Hubert Humphrey, William Fulbright, and Wayne Morse, who have been struggling against almost hopeless odds for a more affirmative and creative American foreign policy.

We have enormous respect for Kennedy's mind. It is his heart that troubles us. His support of progressive principles is solid now, but too often it takes on the appearance of a passionless routine. What we miss most in him is a sense of profound commitment to a cause worth fighting for, a militant dedication to something greater than the single-minded pursuit of power. In this respect he seems remarkably akin to his Republican opponent, Vice President Richard M. Nixon. Kennedy's chances for victory in November may depend in considerable measure on his capacity to snap out of his seeming detachment by transforming his cool campaign for power to a militant crusade for principle.

Kennedy's first formal act as the Democratic candidate for President was hardly reassuring. His choice of Senator Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas to be his running mate may have been a cunning stroke of political strategy, but it also contributed substantially to the image of a cool, crafty man on the make. It was a "dream ticket" for those who seek political profit by facing both ways, but the liberal forces that had been attracted to Kennedy's banner could only conclude they had been betrayed.

For a time it had seemed that the Democratic Party was prepared to defy the Southern segregationists by their action in adopting a genuinely forward-looking plank on civil liberties. But Kennedy's subsequent surrender to the South by tapping Johnson for the Vice Presidential nomination greatly diluted the force of the platform for many liberals. The selection of Johnson, said Joseph Rauh, Jr., co-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, "throws doubt on the sincerity with which the platform was adopted."

Johnson is regarded by his colleagues and the correspondents who cover the Senate as a skillful tactician and a wily manipulator. The legends of his genius for maneuvers are numerous, but the record of achievement of a Democratic-controlled Senate under his leadership is depressingly thin. His arbitrary rule of the Senate majority has often paralyzed liberal action and his commitment to compromise has prevented the progressive forces from presenting and passing affirmative alternatives to the Eisenhower Administration's policy of drifting adherence to the status quo.

The Texan is no hard-shelled reactionary. Far from it. But his self-professed "moderation" often leans so

far to the Right that the net result is compromise of progressive principles when victory is attainable. In his bid for the Presidency, doomed from the outset, Johnson sought to disassociate himself from his Southern colleagues by proudly claiming credit for the passage of two civil rights bills, one in 1957 and one in 1960. It would be utterly unfair to Johnson to place him with the Eastland-Talmadge crowd of racists. He is a considerable cut above that. But the two measures passed under his leadership were so fatally compromised by Southern amendments that the Senators from the South could hail the final results as Southern victories. Johnson deserves credit for insisting that the Senate act on civil rights this year, but it is characteristic of the man that when the showdown came, he voted to support the crippling amendments of his Southern colleagues on eighty per cent of the roll-calls. It is a matter of record that he opposed provisions that are now part of the very platform on which he is running for Vice President.

James A. Wechsler, editor of the New York *Post*, expressed the judgment of a great many liberals when he wrote of Johnson and Kennedy's decision to make him his running-mate:

"Johnson is neither a rabid racist nor benighted reactionary. He is a man of Texas who has become the personification of the spirit of flabby compromise; his reign as Majority Leader has been dominated by the blurring of clear domestic issues, the avoidance of sharp conflict with the Eisenhower Administration on foreign policy, the muting of great causes in the interest of 'party unity'—and the care and feeding of the oil and gas interests.

"Whatever secret impulses may animate Johnson and whatever larger visions may have been suppressed by the expediencies of Texas politics, his selection as Vice Presidential nominee will be construed as a sign that Kennedy does not take too seriously the aggressive liberal platform adopted here earlier in the week. For much of Johnson's effort has been dedicated to diluting or delaying exactly that kind of program."

In the field of foreign affairs, Johnson's record is simply zero. At a time of accelerating world crisis he has had nothing to say beyond the ritualistic

denunciation of Khrushchev and the equally conventional demand for greater expenditures for armaments. Although he is the leader of the Democratic opposition in the Senate, he has refused to lead his forces in exposing the tragic failures of the Eisenhower Administration and proposing affirmative alternatives. On the contrary, he has snuggled up to the Administration when it was committing some of its worst blunders. Thus, at the time of the U-2 fiasco and the collapse of the Summit conference, Johnson called on the country to "stand behind the President," even as Adlai Stevenson and John Kennedy were courageously exposing the mortal mistakes of the Administration.

In choosing Johnson to be his partner, Kennedy may have achieved a "balanced ticket" but a major ingredient in the balance is the uncomfortable fact that the two men stand for different values. A study of 71 major issues that came before the Senate in recent years shows that Kennedy and Johnson voted on different sides more often than they voted together! On significant issues concerned with taxation, federal controls, and the all-important Senate rules, they disagreed on every single issue, according to a survey by Erwin B. Canham, editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*.

This is the Democratic ticket, as we see it now. What of the platform?

There is a cynical saw that holds that a platform is something to run on but not to stand on. The current justification of the cynicism is to be found in the fact that many of the proposals in the new Democratic platform have been introduced in the present Congress but few have passed, although the Democrats control both houses of Congress. But first a look at the platform:

The planks on foreign policy bear the unmistakable stamp of Representative Chester Bowles of Connecticut, who was chairman of the platform committee. After expressing the conventional call for a restoration "of our national strength" and the traditional pledge to "oppose armed Communist aggression," the platform defines as a "primary task" the need "to develop responsible proposals that will break the deadlock on arms control."

Perhaps the most affirmative planks in the foreign policy section are those which 1) seek to identify the United States as a working partner in the revolution sweeping through the underdeveloped areas of the world, and 2) pledge a Democratic Administration to renew negotiations with the Soviets "whenever and wherever there is a realistic possibility of progress without sacrifice of principle."

The first of the two planks promises the non-Communist nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America that "we shall create with you working partnerships, based on mutual respect and understanding. In the Jeffersonian tradition, we recognize and welcome the irresistible momentum of the world revolution of rising expectations for a better life. We shall identify American policy with its values and objectives."

To fulfill this affirmative objective the platform proposes to revamp and refocus the aims, emphasis, and allocation of our foreign assistance program. "The proper purpose of these programs is not to buy gratitude or to recruit mercenaries, but to enable the peoples of these awakening, developing nations to make their own free choices." It would be difficult to conceive a more creative and effective statement of the American goal in the field of foreign aid than the language in this plank.

As for the struggle of competitive coexistence, the platform proclaims

to the Communist world that "we confidently accept your challenge to competition in every field of human endeavor. . . . We believe your Communist ideology to be sterile, unsound, and doomed to failure. . . . [But] we are prepared to negotiate with you. . . .

"If negotiations through diplomatic channels provide opportunity, we will negotiate.

"If debates before the United Nations hold promise, we will debate.

"If meetings at high levels offer prospects of success, we will be there."

"But we will use all the will, power, resources, and energy at our command to resist the further encroachment of Communism on freedom—whether at Berlin, Formosa, or any point of pressure as yet undisclosed."

On the question of Communist China, the platform expressed the conventional nonsense against recognition or admission to the United Nations, but it left the door slightly ajar by asserting that "we shall welcome any evidence that the Chinese Communist government is genuinely prepared to create a new relationship based on respect for international obligations, including the release of American prisoners."

In the field of domestic affairs, the most publicized planks were those dealing with civil rights. Here the Democratic Party clearly adopted the most forward-looking position ever expressed by either major party. Among the provisions were these:

¶ Indirect support of the student sit-ins in the South: "The peaceful demonstrations for first-class citizenship which have recently taken place in many parts of this country are a signal to all of us to make good at long last the guarantees of our Constitution."

¶ A call for assurance of "equal access for all Americans to all areas of community life, including voting booths, school rooms, jobs, housing, and public facilities."

¶ A positive pledge to employ all powers now available under law, and new ones if necessary, to "secure for all Americans the right to vote."

¶ A dramatic promise to mobilize the full powers—legal and moral—of a Democratic Administration to "ensure the beginning of good faith compliance with the constitutional requirements that racial discrimination be ended in public education. We believe that every school district affected by the Supreme Court school desegregation decision should submit a plan providing for at least first step compliance by 1963, the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation."

¶ To assure the protection of all constitutional rights by all Americans "the Attorney General should be empowered and directed to file civil injunction suits in federal courts to prevent the denial of any civil rights on grounds of race, creed, or color." This is the celebrated Title III rejected by Congress.

¶ "The new Democratic Administration will support Federal legislation establishing a fair employment practices commission effectively to secure for everyone the right to equal opportunity for employment."

¶ "The Democratic Administration will use its full executive powers to assure equal employment opportunities and to terminate racial segregation throughout Federal services and institutions and on all government contracts."

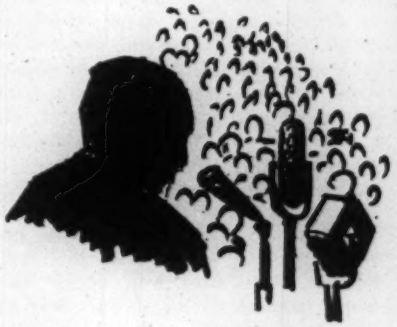
¶ "Similarly, the new Democratic Administration will take action to end discrimination in federal housing programs, including Federally assisted housing."

This far-reaching program for civil rights was matched by an equally impressive set of planks on the domestic economy. The dominant themes were 1) a summons to double the average annual rate of growth of the national economy, and 2) the enactment of a wide-ranging program of social welfare designed to meet long neglected public needs in the fields of health, housing, education, and conservation.

The platform planks on the domestic economy, like those in the field of civil rights, have great appeal for every progressive-minded American. But what are the chances that the promises will be translated into performance? The prospect is far from bright so long as Southern conservatives continue to dominate the committees and control the machinery of a Democratic Congress. One paragraph in the new platform reads:

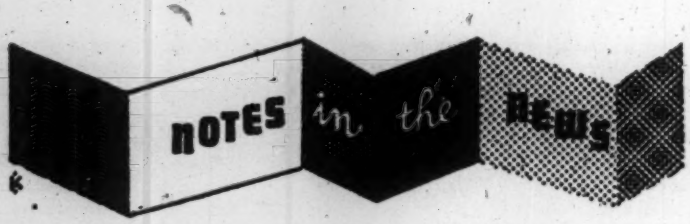
"The agenda which a new Democratic Administration will face next January is crowded with urgent needs on which action has been delayed, deferred, or denied by the present Administration."

This is only half true. The Eisenhower Administration has certainly stood in the way of progressive legislation, but the other half of the truth shows that a minority clique of Southern Democrats, making common cause with Tory Republicans, has delayed, deferred, or denied action on the very legislation *which embodies almost every significant proposal pledged in the new Democratic platform.*



The dilemma of the Democrats is an old one: there are in fact two Democratic parties. One is the national party whose convention in Los Angeles adopted a progressive platform. The other is the Congressional party in which a half-dozen Southern Bourbons exercise their seniority and manipulate the rules to defy the will and to destroy the program of the majority. *(See "Minority Rule" on Page Six.)*

Congress will reconvene shortly to act on social legislation blocked up to now by the reactionary coalition. The country will be watching intently to determine how purposefully and effectively the Democratic ticket of Senators Kennedy and Johnson acts to translate the planks of its new platform into legislation. It is no exaggeration to suggest that the outcome in November will be determined not by what the Democrats promise to do next January, but what they succeed in doing in the August session of Congress. If they act constructively and then find their path blocked by President Eisenhower's veto, the issues in the coming campaign will be far more sharply joined and the electorate will have a far more meaningful choice.



'Flexible Conservative'

When Vice President Richard M. Nixon passed the word a while ago that he would seek the Presidency as a "flexible conservative," it was widely felt that the country was in for some fancy footwork on the major issues. No one, however, dreamed that the word "flexible" could be stretched so far as to enable the Vice President to support, in the *same* speech, *both* of what he himself characterized as "two *opposing* philosophies of government in this country." And yet this is precisely what the nimble Nixon tried to do in his recent speech at the national convention of the Junior Chamber of Commerce in St. Louis.

It was the speech in which the Vice President sought to ridicule the position of New York's Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller and a number of leading Democratic liberals who share a deepening concern that our economy is not growing fast enough, especially in a world dominated by the struggle of competitive coexistence with the Soviets. Those who entertain this apprehension, Nixon said with a "humanized" chuckle, are "playing what is rapidly becoming the most fashionable political parlor game of our time—a game that we might call 'growthmanship.'"

In more somber vein, however, the Vice President agreed that "the subject of economic growth" raises an "issue which points up sharply the difference between two opposing philosophies of government in this country." That difference, he emphasized, is between those who "have greater faith in government action" and those who have greater faith "in private enterprise as a creative force in insuring economic progress."

A bit over-generalized, perhaps, but fair enough. The Vice President then proceeded to present his own position on these two "opposing philosophies of government" and here is how the "flexible conservative" handled it:

One—"The way to achieve maximum growth in this country is not by increasing the size and cost of government but by expanding the opportunities for investment . . . in the private economy . . ."

Two—"Many elements of our national establishment are beyond the capacaity of private enterprise. . . . If we are to grow at a maximum rate, we must recognize the continuing need for investment in the public sector. . . . We will not hesitate to resort to government action where it provides the best road to progress."

If you are still troubled about where Nixon stands on what he feels are "two opposing philosophies of government," the following paragraph from the same speech may provide the key clue you need to unravel the mystery:

"It is foolish to assume, as some of those of the growthmanship school seem to, that government activity is in itself good. But it is just as wrong to assume that government activity is in itself bad."

Nixon vs. Nixon

Nixon's speech in St. Louis was clearly a blast at Rockefeller. The Vice President derided the New York governor's call for an economic growth of five per cent a year and hooted at Rockefeller's suggestion that the Soviet economy may soon be drawing close to America's. Nixon seems to have forgotten the words spoken on precisely the same points some two years ago by his favorite Republican before the bureau of advertising of the American Publishers Association:

"The Soviet economy is growing faster than ours. . . . We must recognize that economic competition between the free world and the Communist world may well decide the world conflict. . . . The only way to stay ahead is to move ahead. To meet [our] domestic needs, together with the increasing costs of our programs for national security, we should set as our goal not the present rate of growth of our economy of three per cent but the higher rate of *five per cent recommended by the Rockefeller Report*. . . . This goal will never be achieved if we adopt a stand-pat, status-quo attitude toward our economy." (Emphasis added.)

The speaker was Richard M. Nixon.

Minority Rule

It was a miserable record that Congress left behind as its members scurried off to the national conventions to write platforms pledging enactment of the very legislation they had just failed to pass. Five months of lawmaking had yielded little more than a civil rights act so weak and meaningless that its passage was hailed as an historic victory by Southern segregationists, and a multi-million dollar increase in armament appropriations.

Action on such major measures as low-cost housing, medical care for the aged, federal aid to education, increasing the minimum wage and broadening the law's coverage, conservation, and mutual security was postponed until Congress reconvenes in August.

The prospects for favorable consideration of liberal legislation at that time are far from bright. The liberal forces constitute a majority of Congress but their aims—and the aims of the great majority of Americans who elected them—have been frustrated at every turn by the handful of Southern Bourbons and their Republican allies who control the key committees.

Perhaps the most flagrant demonstration of minority rule came in the struggle to enact, at long last, a program of federal aid to education. Each house passed its own bill. The routine procedure would be to send both bills to a Senate-House conference committee to resolve differences and write a compromise measure acceptable to both chambers. But the all-powerful Rules Committee in the House refused by a vote of seven to five to permit the bill to go to conference. The votes of three Southern Democrats and four Tory Republicans thus paralyzed the will of the majority in both houses.

The chairman of the Rules Committee is Representative Howard W. Smith, a 77-year-old McKinley Republican who masquerades as a Democrat because his home is Virginia. Under the rules of the House, his Committee can destroy any legislation, except in extraordinary circumstances, simply by refusing to provide the necessary clearance for consideration. Sometimes when the pressure for action for liberal legislation seems irresistible, Smith disappears from Washington, leaving the House unable to act because there is no chairman to convene the Rules Committee for the necessary go-ahead.

On more than one crucial occasion in the past, for example, Smith left the House powerless to act because he felt the need to tend a sick cow on his farm in Virginia. Three years ago, when the Rules Committee was under relentless pressure to release a civil rights bill for consideration on the floor of the House, Smith vanished from Washington. It turned out he had gone home to see about a barn that had burned.

This year Smith's arrogance has reached the point where he no longer feels it necessary to use the alibis of sick cows and burnt barns; he merely enlists the support of five or six colleagues on the Committee to paralyze the Congress of the United States from acting on major legislation.

When the present Congress convened a year ago last January, a substantial number of Democratic liberals organized to limit the power of the Rules Committee. However, they were persuaded by Speaker Sam Rayburn to abandon the struggle. "We have received assurances from Speaker Rayburn," said Representative Chet Holifield as spokesman for the group, "that legislation which has been duly considered and reported by legislative committees will be brought before the House for consideration within a reasonable period of time." Rayburn has not made good on his promise. The result is a legislative shambles that will not be cleared up until the liberal majority breaks the stranglehold of a conservative minority by changing the rules.

A Time for Talk

The Cuban-American conflict showed signs of racing perilously out of hand as we were going to press with this issue. Both sides were mounting economic reprisals and magnifying the violence and bitterness of their daily diatribes. Nikita Khrushchev was rattling his rockets again, but more importantly, several leading Mexican officials with impeccable non-Communist credentials received thunderous applause when they ranged themselves on Cuba's side in her struggle against the North American giant.

We are not concerned at the moment with parceling out blame for the impossible situation that has developed. Certainly there is enough to go around. Our purpose, rather, is to plead with President Eisenhower to seek to remove the conflict from the arena of recrimination and place it in the area of negotiation. For all the bluster and bombast on both sides, there may still be time to talk—and talk sensibly. We therefore plead with the President to take one of two steps:

One—Invite Cuba's Fidel Castro to the White House for a candid talk that might lay the groundwork for detailed negotiation of the grievances that divide us, or—

Two—Request the United Nations to designate Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold to serve as mediator between Cuba and the United States.

Whatever the outcome of such an approach, we owe it to ourselves to appear before the court of world opinion counseling a course of patience, forbearance, and negotiation. President Eisenhower has encountered a series of bitter reversals in his recent conduct of foreign affairs. Here, we believe, is a challenging opportunity for him to set out anew on a hopeful path.

Herblock in The Washington Post

"I Said I Had Him Trained—Notice How He Sits Up?"

Two Minds . . .

Washington (AP)—Henry R. Luce (editor-in-chief of *Time* and *Life*) today told a Senate subcommittee that he did not consider peaceful existence possible with the Soviet Union and China.

Tokyo (AP)—The Chinese Communists made plain today that they persist in the belief—regardless of what Khrushchev says—that it is impossible to coexist peacefully with the United States.

The New Militarism

Should anyone despair of the adequacies of our military defense program, let him take heart from a dispatch which came off the Associated Press wire in this Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Sixty:

> Salt Lake City, April 5—The Utah National Guard has issued bows and arrows to specially trained archery units. "Unconventional warfare demands unconventional weapons," Maj. Gen. Maxwell E. Rich said, explaining that the archery units would be trained to drop behind enemy lines to organize guerrilla fighting.

Good News

Edward P. Morgan's nightly newscast over ABC has long seemed to us radio journalism at its best. His crisp summary of the *significant* developments of the day followed by a penetrating commentary on a major development or mood in the country or the world represent a striking contrast to the strident reading of sensationalized headlines which clutter up most of the newscasts to which we are exposed.

Morgan is sponsored by the AFL-CIO, but he has a completely free hand to report and interpret the news as he sees it—and he responsibly uses his freedom in a way unparalleled by any other newscaster, sponsored or unsponsored, that we know about.

It is good news to learn that the AFL-CIO has decided to extend Morgan's contract for another year. Its decision to continue to sponsor Morgan—with no interference whatever—represents the kind of public service by the AFL-CIO that also happens to be the best kind of public relations.

Flight From the South

For many years, the South has sought, with a fair degree of success, to bolster its lagging industrial economy by luring Northern industries with the bait of a non-union, low-wage work force.

But there are signs that the low-wage policy has proved short-sighted, and is actually working against the industrial expansion and growth of the South. Skilled workers are migrating to other regions—particularly the West and the North Central states—where industry is generally unionized and wage rates substantially higher. And increasingly industry is by-passing the low-wage South because of the acute shortage of skilled labor.

Average weekly earnings in manufacturing in the Southern states with "right-to-work" laws is $22 below the national average of $89, a one-third differential. In contrast, California, which is enjoying a tremendous industrial expansion, has a weekly wage rate of more than $100. It seems not without significance that Californians, with a per capita annual income of $2550, defeated a "right-to-work" proposal by almost a million votes. Per capita annual income in the South averages a thousand dollars less.

Ewan Clague, of the U.S. Department of Labor, has analyzed the migration of workers throughout the nation. He found that in a single recent year ten million persons moved at least as far as another county, and half that number to a different state. A million of the latter departed from the South. "The search for better employment opportunities," said Clague, "is a major force behind this migration."

The signs continue to multiply that the future industrialization of the South requires nothing less than a complete reversal of an economic policy whose cornerstone is the exploitation of labor, a policy which was always wrong in principle, and is now failing in practice.

The Big Word Was 'Win'

by MILTON MAYER

Los Angeles

I GOT TO Los Angeles the day before the Democratic National Convention was to open, but it had already been running more than a week. It was opened July 2 by the distinguished Democratic national committeeman from Louisiana, Camille Gravel, Jr., chairman of the convention credentials committee. And it was opened on a plane bound for Los Angeles from New Orleans.

According to American Airlines—I'm just repeating what I heard—the distinguished committeeman was so anxious to begin the business of the convention that he dipped into a box of ready-mixed Martinis en route and got to convening so ardently that the pilot, maneuvering to prevent a roll call, radioed ahead, and the local flat-feet helped the distinguished committeeman off the plane and into the Maria, or salad-wagon, and had him booked. When the convention ended, Camille, out on $21 bail, was still saying, "It's all a mistake," but he may have been referring to the nomination.

If the distinguished committeeman did not elevate the tone of the convention, neither did he abase it. It was a dreary show, even of its kind, and though you wouldn't know it to look at me, I covered my first conventions twenty-eight years ago, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated on a platform calling for "immediate and drastic reduction of government expenditures" and Herbert Hoover, announcing that here-he-stood-he-could-not-do-otherwise, made Martin Luther look like a pinwheel.

The institution of political conventions was conceived in chicanery and dedicated to the proposition that all men are equally lint-headed. It was devised to replace the nominating caucus. The caucus—a Cherokee word meaning, "Take their beads and scalp 'em"—had a bad name as far back as 1763, when John Adams wrote in his diary, "This day I learned that the caucus club meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Dawes. There they smoke till you cannot see one end of the room from the other. There they drink flip . . ."

In the year 1824 Thurlow Weed, biggest boss of them all, decided, as he later wrote, that "nominations should emanate directly from the people." He called a Democratic convention in New York State to nominate his man for governor, and bought all the delegates. It took money—as did Los Angeles 136 years later—but the people of New York State rejoiced at the triumph of self-government. It was a dandy device.

Eight years later Andy Jackson directed the New Hampshire legislature to propose the first national convention so that he could get the dismal Van Buren in as his running mate. It is recorded that the handful of delegates would not be bought, but they were brought into line by Van Buren, like the Michigan delegation on Lyndon Johnson, when they were informed by courier that the alternative was "a quarrel with the General." Three years later, the unenthusiasm for Van Buren having grown to detestation, the founder of Jacksonian democracy filled the Baltimore auditorium with delegates "fresh from the people," who nominated the General's successor *viva voce*.

By 1839, the great Weed, now running the Whigs who became the Republicans, had concocted a refinement to prevent the recurrence of an unbuyable handful of delegates. Running the first Whig convention that year, and bent on ruining Henry Clay, he had his stooges introduce unit rule, but totalitarianism was already built in to the Electoral College. The ineffable Harrison was nominated, and Clay lived to achieve his ambition to be right rather than President.

Harry Truman realized with horror that the Los Angeles convention was fixed, insofar as money and jobs

are at hand to fix it. *"I say in the main the use of money is wrong; but for certain objects in a political contest the use of some is both right and indispensable. With me, as with yourself, this long struggle has been one of great pecuniary loss. I now distinctly say this: if you shall be appointed a delegate to Chicago, I will furnish one hundred dollars to bear the expenses of the trip.* A. LINCOLN."

The Los Angeles convention was more baldly fixed than any before because there was more money than ever before to fix it. What was historically bad was the entertainment level. Never before have the outs—and especially the Democratic outs—had such a hard time holding the attention of the claques in the half-empty gallery, the yaks on the floor, or the Unseen Millions known to the advertising trade as the slobs.

The Southerners, having no place to walk in, could not walk out on the civil rights plank. While they muttered in their goatees and their latter-day Bilbos bayed blandly from the rostrum, their bosses were trading them off to the Kennedy-Johnson combo for courthouse jobs. The South is in the throes of a Revolution of Declining Expectations.

There were no issues at Los Angeles, least of all on bigger and better bombs. The convention management had guaranteed the city and the concessionaires a five-day stand, so there was no way to close the show, and the hubbub rose from day to day until, on the night of the balloting, Mrs. Roosevelt spoke and, in universal deference to the widow of Joseph P. Kennedy's friend, there were a few minutes of moderated but continuous roar above which the lady's thin voice could be heard by the people right under the amplifiers.

The real villain of the piece, and the man who now compels Thurlow Weed to find a substitute for the fraud of the national convention, is not Carmen De Sapio or Mike Di Salle. It is Lee De Forest, the inventor of the oscillating audion. The instruments for transmission and amplification of sound have made it impossible to transact that particular kind of business which is best done in whispers. Everyone in the Los Angeles bull ring had a two-way radio in his hand or a two-way TV at his back, and they were all going in both directions at once. The politicians at the rostrum all bellowed, just as they always did, being politicians, and the loud speakers all magnified the bellow. Unless you had a politician's hide for an eardrum, you could take just so much of it.

What was remarkable, inexplicable, and, on the whole, disappointing, was the record-low consumption of booze, at least as far as appearances went. The *Seconol* and *No-Doz* were sold out all over town, and a considerable quantity of wet goods was, of course, sponged up here and there, especially in the form of free punch at the candidates' perpetual public receptions. But the Party of Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion was as short on rum this time as it was of rebellion. The traditional elixir of statesmanship instils, temporarily, to be sure, both humor and courage in its absorbents, and there was none of either of these redeeming features at Los Angeles.

Everybody was glassy-eyed, but that was from the noise and the milling. There was nothing to do but mill. People said, "What do you think?" or, "What do you hear?" and then they drifted off before you could say, "Nothing much." If anyone saw two people at once, he instantly introduced them to each other, invariably forgetting the name of one of the introducees, and sometimes both, and then all three of them went on milling.

Americans have never been very funny sober, and they are not funny at all any more. The one really good laugh of the week was laughed by maybe two hundred people in the arena. Alfred E. Newman, who was nominating the favorite son of Kansas or Iowa, I forget which, said, "He has a lovely wife and two fine sons, one in college and one still in high school"—at which point the maybe two hundred laughers in the whole place let out a mighty cheer for the Man Who Had a Son in High School. The asininity of the week was restrained, too; the lowest example I encountered was Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin, "a Kennedy supporter," being photographed with his fingers in his ears as Senator Symington's son, very likely in high school, wooed him with a guitar.

Nothing is 100 per cent bad. There were two performers who did not make fools of themselves, Governor Collins of Florida, the convention chairman, and Representative Chester Bowles, who wrote and read the platform. There was one—just one—instance of real dignity, when Adlai Stevenson, after turning the convention upside-down by showing up at it, managed to get to his seat in the Illinois delegation and, instead of standing, sat down. And there was one—just one—instance of actual statesmanship, when Senator Philip Hart of Michigan, pleading that the civil rights plank cut both ways, said, "There are places in America where a Negro has trouble getting a job or a schooling, but there are also places in America, and Michigan is one of them, where a Negro has trouble getting a decent place to live."

The admission ticket to the rostrum was, of course, the hatred of Communism. Nobody spoke—nobody thought of speaking—who did not have the heroic virtue to declare, four-square, copper-sheathed, and sword in hand, that he (or his candidate) was a ravening anti-Communist who was raring to lead his people against the enemy. In the middle of this poison gas attack, Mr. Leon Ackerman of Washington, D.C., published a full-page newspaper advertisement across the country quoting Christ Jesus as follows: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

Nobody laughs at a man who has a hundred thousand dollars or so to spend on full page advertisements. Nobody laughed or cried about anything in Los Angeles. Nobody laughed when Jack Kennedy exploited his mother, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts. Nobody cried when his father, old Joe Kennedy, seven of whose four hundred million dollars is said to have been spent so far in Jack's behalf, was kept locked up in Marion Davies' mansion.

The convention was an old phonograph record played to death, and it is hard to believe that the puller of the shortest wire wasn't aware that a people who have inherited majesty ought to be given something better, be it stuffed down their throats. The

only spark of genuine fervor anywhere was for Adlai Stevenson and his children's crusade. I went up to the gallery when his name was placed in nomination, and I counted more than three hundred delegates cheering or applauding him; you know how many of their votes he got. Even the newspapermen (who pretend to be working when the national anthem is sung) got up on their feet, ostensibly just to see what was going on. What was going on was something real.

The reality was better than Stevenson, as he himself knows. Everyone else had gone along with the bosses—including Bowles—and Stevenson himself was to go along the second night following when he sang the Kennedy paean. But the second night following was still unimaginable to the non-politicians who wanted him. The knight was yet to take off his plume and place himself at the service of the Party of Jefferson, Faubus, and De Sapio, instead of it at his. The closing of ranks—the act that gives the lie to everything said before—was still to come.

Young eggheads are beginning to stir in America, and it was young people, without free rides, free drinks, and free jobs, who carried the homemade signs for Stevenson, the same young eggheads, including the beats, who are fighting the Un-American Activities Committee, R.O.T.C., capital punishment, and lunch-counter segregation. They are way ahead of the conventional Stevenson. But they have to have a symbol for their insistence life is something more than the trough that their parents have made of it. Stevenson can read and write good English, and, unlike the Kennedys, read and write his own. He has the cast of a gentleman and a man.

But the young eggheads have not read the great books, and they do not know that Socrates said that a politician can not be an honest man in a democracy and live.

The pitch for Stevenson, delivered by Senator Eugene McCarthy, Senator Herbert Lehman, and Mrs. Roosevelt, was that he was the best man available. The pitch of these old pros was as artless as the "We want Stevenson" chant in the gallery and outside the arena. It was artless because nobody who was anybody on the convention floor cared whether Stevenson was good or bad; what mattered was whether he could win, and everybody who was anybody knew he couldn't. As soon as the vote was over, the politicians who were with him pulled off their Stevenson buttons and put on ones that said, "Win with Kennedy." The big word was "Win."

Herblock in The Washington Post

"And Now the News from Moscow, Havana, Africa, Asia, Newport . . . "

Win with Kennedy, Win with Johnson, Win with Stevenson—but Win. The *choice* between inglorious victory and glorious defeat is not an easy one, and the public servant out of office who lives on his knees, rather than die on his feet, lives to offer his service to the public the next time around. Stevenson would be a good Secretary of State, and maybe Kennedy will give him the job in exchange for his support. But the support is certain, and the job contingent.

After what Lyndon Johnson said about Kennedy the day before the nomination—*and* about Kennedy's father—it was out of the question that Kennedy would want Johnson as his running mate. It was out of every aspect of the question but the aspect of winning. With the South's electoral votes solid, the Democrats can win without New York—or California.

Have you tried to figure out who Kennedy is? He is the man whose voting record, in the roll call of the ultra-liberal Americans for Democratic Action, proves him to be a great liberal; he is also the man whose voting record, in the roll call of the ultra-conservative Americans for Constitutional Action, proves him to be a great conservative. "A Kennedy-Humphrey ticket," said Walter Reuther before the nomination, "would be a liberal ticket, and a Kennedy-Symington ticket would be a conservative ticket." Brethren, do you begin to get the idea? It is, Win with anything.

After we win, of course—. The editor of our local Republican newspaper is one of the best newspapermen in the business, a Kennedy named Ed. Ed doesn't own the paper, and he will probably find himself pirouetting for Nixon in another month or so. But here is what he says right now:

"Both Kennedy and Nixon are young, highly intelligent, with driving energy, open and friendly on the surface but cold and calculating underneath. Both can be ruthless when necessary. Both have an impatience with the inferior, with anything second-rate. Both have courage and conviction.

"And, above all, both are men of burning ambition, men with unbridled determination to excel."

Burning ambition . . . And the United States government says its latest spy plane is not over Russia, but thirty seconds away; and a white boss shot and killed three of his Negro employees in Monroe, Louisiana; and Palm Springs counted its private swimming pools and found one for every five citizens; and Federal agents raided the basement of Admiral William L. Eardmann and found $4,300 worth of untaxed liquor brought into America on his aircraft carrier as "household effects" in a 3,600-pound crate at public expense.

"Both are men of burning ambition . . ." There is a theory of history that we reject out of hand—the "great man" theory. There is another that we want to reject if we can: "The bourgeois are their own grave-diggers."

Struggle in Turkey

The Self-Deception In American Foreign Policy

by DON PERETZ

During our visit to Iraq the autumn before that country's revolution, both Norman Thomas and I concluded after only a few days in the discontent-ridden land that it was indeed a weak reed for American Middle East policy. Although it was Thomas' first visit to the area in nearly fifty years, he was not deceived by the pious official statements about the Bagdad Pact nations as "outposts of Western Democracy." After our return, I was taken to task at a Middle East conference in Washington by a high government official for suggesting that the United States economic development aid program might not save the Nuri government from collapse. A few weeks later our "strongest" Arab ally, former Prime Minister Nuri el-Said, was murdered by frenzied mobs in the streets.

It takes no Cassandra to foretell such events. Norman Thomas and I were not unique in our observations. Several competent State Department officials saw the impending collapse of Nuri's regime. Yet when it occurred, our government's official reaction was shock, just as in May of this year when still another "democratic" ally, Turkey's Adnan Menderes, fell from power. In statements almost identical to those of July, 1958, the New York *Times* reported: "The military coup in Turkey completely surprised high-ranking officials in the State Department today. Until the very last, according to informed sources here, the U.S. Embassy in Ankara had been reporting to the State Department that Premier Adnan Menderes would probably be able to withstand his clamoring opponents."

Turkey and Iraq—and more recently Japan—provide a few of many classic examples of how our government has been deceiving the American public about foreign policy, or even worse, deceiving itself.

What lies behind this deception, whether purposeful or innocent? The problem, it seems, is over-commitment to interests which no longer have value or status in the constantly changing world of real, not imaginary, politics; it is reliance on policies based on wishful thinking. The list of our government's vested interests in this category is long—South Korea, Japan, Laos, South Vietnam, Jordan, Formosa, Spain, and others of perhaps less questionable worth. In these countries we have invested billions of dollars, years of political maneuvers, the valuable time of our top policy makers, and immeasurable national effort on governments which at some time may have been popular but have now lost contact with the very people toward whom we claim our foreign policy is directed—the people who constitute the foundations upon which these governments will stand or fall.

Turkey is the most recent failure of an American policy which says it is directed at the needs of the people, but which in reality has become the tool of a government out of step with its own population. In Turkey we are far more fortunate than in Iraq, for the government that succeeds Menderes will maintain close ties with the West because of deep, century-old hostility to Russia.

How did Menderes, who at one time was a popular figure, lose his popularity? Why did the United States fail to realize the implications of his decline? What could we have done? What can we do now?

When such questions are put to the "status quo" diplomats of our State Department, they usually reply that the transient popularity of any foreign leader is not our concern; that our policy cannot be oriented to the rise and fall of individual political fortunes. There is truth in this, but not nearly so much as logic might seem to indicate.

American influence did play a not insignificant role in bringing to Turkey its first experiment in political democracy as it is defined in the Western world. Until after World War II Turkey was an authoritarian nation by tradition. The authority of the country's ruling elite was challenged only when it became despotic. The Turkish nation was regarded as the highest stage in human development. Everything the nation did was above criticism, and Turkish society, the supreme moral authority, was the source of all beneficent ideas. Individual freedom was a sign of social decline. Strict obedience to discipline, devotion to the native soil, and fierce pride in national victory—these were the traditional values.

During the 1930's this concept became the accepted creed of officials who wanted to develop a socio-political policy for Turkey. Ataturk supplemented it with strains of corporate state and Marxist ideology so prevalent in the years prior to his death in 1939. The whole Turkish political system was tailored to this hodgepodge of left and right collectivist theory. A unicameral National Assembly became the sole repository of national authority. But only members of Ataturk's own Republican People's Party (RPP) were elected to the Assembly, and he alone was the final and absolute arbiter of party policy, doctrine, and organization. Such was the situation until the end of World War II when conditions began to change rapidly. After nearly a quarter of a century in power, the RPP had lost much of its popularity. The party bureaucracy and the government which it controlled were riddled with inefficiency, mismanagement, occasional corruption, and the other ills attendant upon a long reign of unchallenged political and economic power.

A post-revolutionary generation of

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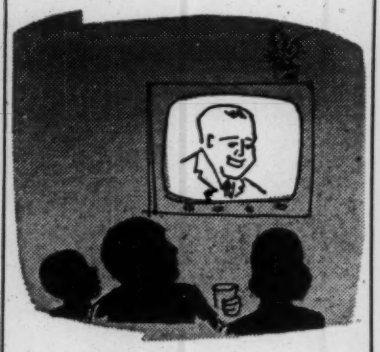
young Turks was coming into its own. Young Turks learned about Western ideas through contacts with, and education in, Europe and the United States. Intellectuals had freer access to Western publications and for the first time began overtly to express dissatisfaction with the old regime. Ferment within Turkish society was rising against a background of renewed threats from the traditional enemy, Russia. But Turkey's Western allies, Great Britain and France, were no longer able to support its defiance. Both Western powers had retracted their global commitments to concentrate on rebuilding their own internal structures, so badly battered by the war with Germany.

When Russian threats against Greece and Turkey seemed to assume alarming proportions in 1947, President Truman made his offer of massive economic and military assistance. The Truman Doctrine of American support for these two nations marked the entrance of the United States into the Middle East as a major political power.



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Along with aid came much American advice. Our ambassadors and their staffs in Greece and Turkey played no small role in determining the way in which our assistance was used, and American influence was an important factor in convincing the authorities that the time had come for Turkey to try democracy. Of course, American pressures alone were not enough to initiate such an effort. President Inonu was an astute politician who sensed the tremors of political and economic discontent which began to shake the foundations of his regime. But American influence did help support his own realization that the time had come for flexibility.

Turkey's first genuinely democratic election in 1950 swept the RPP from power, replacing it with the new Democratic Party led by former RPP members Celal Bayar and Adnan Menderes. Shortly thereafter I heard from many Turks in various parts of the country that America was responsible for their new freedom. When I asked an old man what he thought of the opportunity to discuss politics so freely, he answered, "You know, we became democratic so we could get American help. But now that we have democracy we like it so much we want to keep it."

Initially both Americans and Turks were enthusiastic about the new democratic regime. Turkish intellectuals enjoyed the freedom to criticize almost anything political. Peasants took advantage of the free market, lack of controls on sales, and the large government subsidies which began to raise their living standards. Businessmen proclaimed the withering of excessive bureaucracy and the attempts of the state to interject itself in major business deals. American officials on the spot eagerly supported the new Democratic Party, especially since a kingpin of its program was free enterprise and promises to remove government from many sectors of the economy. "If we can accomplish this," one American economic official told me, "we will have justified our existence here."

Apparently the Turkish businessman was not yet ready to take over the huge enterprises which Ataturk had constructed to give his nation prestige, and de-socialization of industry was unsuccessful. Within the next few years Prime Minister Menderes, who became the principal figure in the new regime, brought the whole economy perilously close to disaster. Inflation swept through the country, skyrocketing prices, depreciating the value of currency, and causing a complete lack of confidence in Turkish currency abroad. So bad did the economic situation become that nearly all imports—even Turkish coffee—had to be shut off.

By 1954 Menderes had become so sensitive to criticism of his economic policies that he clamped down on the press, arrested several journalists for "defaming" the government, and showed every indication of increasing his repression. But by then the Menderes government had become one of America's major vested interests. The Prime Minister received nowhere near the amount of aid he requested, but enough poured into Turkey to constitute an important political asset. We could not have suddenly shut off economic and military assistance. But continued moral support and failure to criticize the growing trend toward dictatorship were most unwise.

Official Turkish reaction to questions about the increasingly repressive measures of the Menderes government was the usual denial. If reports of jailed editors, imprisoned students, or discharged university professors had any validity, they were true only of those who "threatened national security," or were "dangerous leftists." But not so obvious was the reluctance of American officials to condemn these acts and at times even to defend them. The reasoning behind such patently false justification was that American intervention would only weaken our "democratic" ally. Such justification became increasingly difficult when Menderes' actions were turned against the whole opposition party, including its leader, former President Inonu. Even more inexcusable was the failure of our policy makers to evaluate the growing discontent with the Menderes regime, especially in the army which had received more than a billion dollars in American support. The situation much resembled that in pre-revolutionary Iraq where American policy makers either ignored, or failed to

receive, adequate information about the popular disenchantment with a regime in which our government had a vested interest.

Last May, when thousands of students poured out of their universities in protest against Menderes, the seriousness of the situation had become obvious to anyone familiar with Turkey. When several army officers resigned in protest against the government's attempt to use them to curb their hero, former President Inonu, a crisis was evident. But still there was no inkling of suspicion in American official circles. A decade earlier the United States had helped to bring democratic reforms which enabled Menderes to come to power. Why not help to prevent the situation which caused his fall? To argue that the man in the street would resent American influence is fatuous. After the 1950 election, many Turks directly linked U.S. economic and military assistance with democratization of the country, and for the most part they praised it.

In South Korea recently our government faced a similar crisis when student mobs helped to overthrow Syngman Rhee's dictatorship. There the situation had degenerated to the extent that continued defense of or support for Rhee was impossible. The mild American warnings and reprimands which he received were enthusiastically praised by the demonstrators who turned the old regime out.

The saving grace for the United States in Turkey is the deep ancestral hatred for Russia which nearly all Turks have. The average Turk is an ardent critic of neutralism or a "soft" policy toward the Soviet Union; he is a vehement Russophobe by birth. There is little likelihood that Turko-American friendship will be damaged by the May revolution, but many Turks will have their doubts about our blindness to the faults of the Menderes regime.

We are living in an era of revolutions simmering beneath the surface of many nations whose governments are receiving massive American assistance and with which our government has close ties of political amity. Can we learn the lesson of Turkey and South Korea—the lesson that popularity and strength come not from material gifts alone, but from outspoken identification with popular aspirations and a determination to use our critical facilities affirmatively where they are needed?

The Renewal of Philadelphia

by MARVIN R. WEISBORD

FIVE WEEKS before his re-election in 1959, Richardson Dilworth, Philadelphia's outspoken mayor, jarred professional politicians and voters alike by slaughtering one of the most sacred of all political cows. "I think there will be a tax increase in 1961, the second year of my term," said Dilworth. "Make a choice. Do you want retrenchment or progress?"

Apparently the voters preferred progress. They gave Democratic Dilworth twice as many votes as his Republican opponent, Harold A. Stassen, who led the G.O.P. to its worst defeat in the city's history. Stassen had promised that if elected he would cut taxes, reduce crime, create jobs, and throttle what is probably America's best big-city urban renewal program. In one speech he criticized as "a luxury" Philadelphia's Washington Square East project, regarded by many as the most imaginative marriage of city planning and architecture ever to get off a drawing board.

Stassen's tactics so distressed many top bankers, lawyers, and businessmen that thirty of them, some from families whose Republicanism dates back to the party's birth, took unprecedented counteraction: they bought full-page newspaper advertisements declaring their allegiance to Democratic Dilworth, in spite of his strongly ADA-influenced liberalism.

Less than ten years ago author John Gunther described Philadelphia as a city abandoned by its wealthy citizens. "The Main Line," wrote Gunther, "settled itself in its beautiful homes and formal gardens [in the suburbs], continued to make its money in the city, and left it to decay." Today the Main Line, symbol of the city's financial and industrial interests, as well as its elite society, has returned to Philadelphia. It has found in Mayor Dilworth, as it did in his predecessor, the present Senator Joseph S. Clark, not only a social equal but an astute if unpredictable leader. For four years, Dilworth has piloted the city across the hazardous bar between civic progress and political expediency. But the next four may find the waters shallower, the crew more surly.

The first signs of dissension developed over Dilworth's insistence on raising taxes next year. True to his word, he had asked the city council in March to consider boosting the city's wage tax from one and one half to two per cent. Even though fourteen of its sixteen members are Democrats, the council unanimously opposed the plan.

Dilworth responded to the council's rejection of his tax proposal on a television program, saying, "You didn't elect me to say things that are popular, that go down well with the voters." He argued that the city, which is operating on about $266 million in 1960, needs $24 million more each year for the next four years, that a higher real estate tax would discourage industry, which the city also needs, and that only a higher wage tax would exact a fair share from suburbanites who work in Philadelphia and use its services.

Later he told the council its stand

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was "simply the equivalent of tearing up the program on which we conducted our campaign for re-election. If there is no tax increase we can't even maintain the present level of government, much less start anything new—not even a library or a swimming pool."

The Mayor has appointed a nonpartisan study committee to suggest how Philadelphia can boost its revenues. With the battle lines sharply drawn, the council has indicated it will continue to oppose a higher wage tax no matter what the study committee recommends.

The dispute raises an important question: Can a city rescue itself from blight, decay, social tensions, fleeing industry, and economic decline using the same old political formulas under which it got that way?

"Urban government today has to get into new and broader areas not usually thought of as government problem areas," William L. Rafsky, Dilworth's development coordinator, said recently. He was speaking of Philadelphia's ambitious renewal program which may cost $3.5 billion of public money by 1980 and is expected to stimulate $9 billion worth of private investment. Philadelphia's program, says Rafsky, is a "balanced" one, which means that it touches every area of city life. In May the city planning commission presented Philadelphians with a uniquely comprehensive plan showing to the last highway, subway, library, and swimming pool what must be done in the next two to four decades to keep the city alive and growing.

To turn a city with substandard and segregated housing, blighted neighborhoods, slums, little industrial land, antiquated subways, and too many autos into a reasonably pleasant place to live and work is not easy. It may not even be possible. But the redevelopment authority, which works directly under the mayor, is trying hard to fit together its end of the planning commission's complex jig-saw puzzle. The pieces include public housing, slum clearance, code enforcement, area conservation, new row houses, shopping centers, office buildings, apartment houses, factories, colleges, highways, city and commuter transit lines, parks, and some of America's best colonial buildings.

The redevelopment authority, which is another way of saying Rafsky and Dilworth, works against two handicaps: a lack of money, and a lack of enthusiasm among politicians for urban renewal. To traditional politicians, whose life goals appear to be saving tax money (or making it look that way), rewarding loyalty with jobs, and preserving the status quo, Dilworth is a hero when they need votes but a nuisance when he interprets victory as a mandate to continue rebuilding the city.

Philadelphia's effective conservatives today are not the Main Liners. They are members of the Democratic "team" who—ironically—rode into power on the coat tails of Dilworth and Joseph Clark when they became city treasurer and city controller in 1949. Until the reformers came along—driving graft and corruption before them—a Republican machine, virtually bolted to the sidewalks, had run Philadelphia for eighty years. Dilworth and Clark, with help from frustrated independents, rallied the tattered Democrats and dismantled the Republicans in little more than one election.

About this time other reformers were pushing through a new home rule charter for Philadelphia. The charter, which among other things placed all but a handful of jobs under civil service and cleared the way for large-scale renewal, was partly the work of awakening business and professional leaders. Calling themselves the Greater Philadelphia Movement (GPM), these citizens, alarmed at the decline of the downtown business district and the city's failure to attract industry, gave impetus to the Dilworth-Clark victory. In 1951 Philadelphia elected Clark mayor and Dilworth district attorney in a Democratic reform sweep. Dilworth was elected mayor in 1955.

The 1951 victory laid the groundwork for a new grass-roots Democratic organization. By 1953, Representative William J. Green, Jr., had become chairman of the Democratic City Committee. He has welded it into as pervasive and tight an organization as its Republican predecessor. Since that time Philadelphia's "reform movement," with Dilworth its only surviving office-holder, has had to contend with Green and his Democratic machine.

So far their marriage of convenience has helped the city in its face-lifting. But the honeymoon may be over. Politicians have little taste for urban renewal—spending money, dislocating families and businesses, and disrupting the housing patterns of whites and Negroes. The party professionals would go slowly, if at all, if Dilworth were not constantly pressuring them.

Even at its fastest pace, urban renewal moves like a giant tortoise. For each project the city's redevelopment authority must inch its way through a jungle of surveys, certifications, approvals, public hearings, contracts, rezoning, condemnation, relocation, and other procedures. Whether it gets past the first step or two depends to a great extent on the city council. The council decides whether the authority may rebuild an area and how much will be spent. And today's city council, mainly organization men, answers not to Dilworth, for whom urban renewal is a personal cause, but to Representative Green.

Green, for all his liberal voting record in the House, acts at home like a machine politician, blocking consolidation of the few city and county offices dispensing patronage, keeping ward leaders in line, and picking acceptable (i.e., acquiescent) candidates. This has left Dilworth, with his politician's head and reformer's heart, neatly balanced between doing what he believes must be done for the city's survival and what he feels he must do to placate the politicians. Nor has Dilworth always bucked the Green wing. Lacking the independence of Senator Clark, who has made his political fortune without hiding his contempt for the Democratic organization, Dilworth sometimes has acted as if his political future hinges on keeping Green happy, which, indeed, it may. Thus, in 1956 when the Green forces mounted a "charter-ripping" campaign to recoup some patronage, Dilworth went along. This created some friction with the GPM and liberals who had fought for the charter and normally back Dilworth.

Probably the mayor was relieved

when two of the proposed charter amendments failed in the courts and a third in a voter referendum. Later, with his usual candor, he said, "I didn't realize people didn't want one word of the charter altered. It was a real blooper and I'm ashamed of it."

On urban renewal Dilworth has been much less flexible. Consider the city's Eastwick project. The most ambitious renewal project any big city has tried, it involves 2,140 acres of largely industrial swampland in the city's southwestern corner. When the buildings have been bought up, the people relocated, the land cleared, filled, bull-dozed, and sold to private developers, more than 10,000 new homes, plus schools, parks, playgrounds, shopping centers, and industrial parks will create a city by itself. For this Philadelphia will spend $100 million or more of local, state, federal, and private capital. It is expected that the city will add $300 million in real estate to its tax base by 1968.

Committeemen and ward leaders from both parties have opposed Eastwick. They have had a hard time explaining to voters why the city wants to take their homes and stores and destroy a good neighborhood. In the city council this feeling expressed itself partly as an economy drive. Democratic Councilman Victor Moore, whose eyes shine brightest when he is saving tax money, suggested that Eastwick be divided into small packages. These could be financed and developed one at a time. To some of the local newspapers this seemed like a sensible idea, but city planners, redevelopers, and citizens groups called it shortsighted. They argued that each time a small parcel was developed, the value of the land around it would rise. Eventually the city would pay more than if it condemned the whole area at one time. Redevelopment Coordinator Rafsky took this position, and Dilworth pressed it on the council. The mayor got his way, as he often has, by telling the councilmen to blame him when the complaints come in.

With Dilworth and Rafsky as scapegoats the politicians have been able to keep some of the heat off themselves. Rafsky, who feels most of it, sits in an odd but important chair. An alert former labor expert, he became Mayor Clark's secretary, then the city's first housing coordinator. Dilworth, when the renewal program began sprouting, made him development coordinator in 1956 and drafted him two years later as director of the redevelopment authority. Dilworth calls Rafsky "one of the finest public servants with whom any city has ever been blessed," and Rafsky, articulate, good-humored, and stubborn, works twelve hours a day proving it.

Fortunately, some of the pressures against renewal can be offset by private or semi-public groups. Philadelphia is experimenting successfully with an institution new to cities—the private, non-profit corporation that serves a quasi-public function. One of these, the Philadelphia Industrial Development Corporation, was set up jointly by the Chamber of Commerce and the city. PIDC is succeeding mainly because it can sell a piece of choice industrial land, secured by eminent domain, for much less than a company would have to pay buying it direct, at a premium, from the former owner. Dilworth, who draws praise from businessmen for putting commercial renewal on a par with social renewal, has helped PIDC too. When the Whitman chocolate firm considered taking its $6 million payroll to New Jersey early this year, Dilworth personally sold the company on letting PIDC provide some prime acreage in North Philadelphia.

You could hardly invent a more attractive candidate for public office than Richardson Dilworth. Tall, silver-haired, with wide-spaced, frank eyes and dimpled mouth, the Mayor looks ten years younger than he is; he will be sixty-two on August 29. He speaks candidly, with animation, and rarely lapses into the ambiguous generalities of many office-holders. "I like everything about him except one thing," a political professional is reported to have said of him. "He never learned how to say, 'No comment'."

Recently a suburban wage-taxpayer wailed to Dilworth, "We can't vote in the city, so there's nothing we can do about taxation without representation."

"Yes, there is," said Dilworth. "Move back."

Anyone who tries can find something to like in the Dilworth image. He is a former football player and a war hero. He enlisted as a Marine Corps private in World War I, served as an officer on Guadalcanal in World War II, and was decorated both times. He is a former chairman of the local ADA chapter and has been known to preach lay sermons in the city's Negro churches. Dilworth's charm includes an earthy streak and a projected warmth few can resist. "Age doesn't seem to cure my emotionalism," he said, wiping an obvious tear after taking the inaugural oath in January.

The Mayor's ability to get votes seems to be what the Democratic organization likes best about him. But how much longer his popularity can offset organization dissent from his policies is an open question. As the professional politicians try to tame him, or, as some observers predict, discredit him as a spendthrift to ease him out of politics, Philadelphia's renewal program will almost certainly lose momentum.

Richardson Dilworth has a passion for the city of Philadelphia. He loves the old cobblestone streets, the historic buildings clustered about Independence Hall, the antique charm of its colonial houses. Recently, as if to affirm his faith in the city's rebirth, Dilworth built a $150,000 house (his former law practice made him a rich

The Truth About Nixon

by WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Because of a flood of requests from subscribers, we have gone to press with a reprint of Shannon's article on Richard Nixon.

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man), next door to a publishing house on Washington Square, and only a few blocks away from some of the city's meanest slums.

Today cranes and bulldozers are flattening the worst of the run-down houses, stores, and ramshackle food markets in the Dock Street area. Where once crates, cartons, debris, rotting food, and burlap bags littered the streets, three neat thirty-story apartment towers will rise amid grass and trees near the Delaware River. For blocks around, modern town houses, fronting on private parks, will be integrated with colonial houses, which, because of their charm and beauty, are being spared.

This is the famous Washington Square East project Stassen thought it fruitful to criticize. At least three of its features show how far toward its social and aesthetic ideals a city can stretch when its planners, businessmen, and politicians are well-mobilized. First, the city held a contest among developers to find the best—not the cheapest—design that would integrate new buildings with old. Second, the city told developers to allow one per cent of their budgets for sculpture and art. Third, another quasi-public institution, the non-profit, privately-financed Old Philadelphia Development Corporation, helped to attract the necessary private capital, some $55 million.

Washington Square East, like Eastwick, was opposed in the city council in its early stages. But Dilworth, backed by the Old Philadelphia group and the GPM, was able to make a convincing argument that the city will ultimately get back more in taxes than it puts in during the next few years.

Besides support from the city's businessmen, Dilworth has had plenty of help from other citizens groups that work for social progress but make little headway without strong political leadership. These include well-organized agencies in planning, housing, race relations, economy, health, and government. All antedate reform and were happy to see Clark and Dilworth break the old political bonds. The reformers also have benefited from talented city planners and architects at the University of Pennsylvania.

Nor does the city lack good plans or adequate technical machinery for renewal. If anything, it has too much of both, more plans than it can back with money and political support, and more boards, commissions, and departments than even an energetic man like Rafsky can keep his fingers on. And backing Rafsky is a notably intelligent city planner, Edmund N. Bacon, director of the planning commission since 1949, whose staff has fitted Philadelphia's aspirations into one of the first long-range comprehensive plans of any large city.

Like every metropolis, Philadelphia will probably never have enough money to do what its best minds want to accomplish. But Dilworth is determined to do everything possible, and he is constantly on the move, scurrying to Harrisburg and Washington looking for funds to keep renewal moving. Philadelphia has a paid lobbyist in the state capital and was the first city to have one in Washington. Dilworth, who realizes no amount of local taxes can replace federal aid, has, by pushing Philadelphia's interests, become a prominent national spokesman for urban renewal. He has been vice president of the American Municipal Association, and in May was elected president of the U.S. Conference of Mayors.

Arguing that two-thirds of Americans live in urban areas and produce seventy per cent of the nation's wealth, Dilworth has pushed big-city demands for a Department of Urban Affairs in the Cabinet, an improved housing and renewal bill, and money to buoy up the sinking commuter rail lines. Recently the Eisenhower Administration rejected Dilworth's plea for a $500 million low-interest loan program to save the commuter railroads. Dilworth estimated it will cost $30 billion to save the railroads later, but Secretary of Commerce Frederick H. Mueller suggested the railroads save themselves. Only last summer Dilworth lamented in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "Last year the Federal government poured more money into supporting the price of potatoes than it spent on housing, slum clearance, and redevelopment for all the large urban communities in the United States."

Philadelphia is not getting as much Federal renewal money as it can match under the law. It should be getting $27 million each year, but a backlog of demands and technical limits on available funds effectively hold Philadelphia's share to less than half this amount. Dilworth, who loves the city, is willing to claw at Washington's stone walls month after month. But it is hard to picture his successor doing it, especially if the next mayor is, as everyone predicts, an organization Democrat. And Dilworth may not stay in office until 1964. He has wanted to be governor for a long time.

He ran a good race for that post in 1950, carrying Philadelphia but losing the state. In 1954 he turned his back on the nomination, believing a Democrat couldn't win, then watched sadly as Democrat George Leader moved into the State House. Dilworth wanted the nomination in 1958, too, but the party's policy committee slated David Lawrence, Pennsylvania's present governor. Lawrence by law cannot succeed himself, and in 1962 the Democrats will be looking for a good vote-getter to keep Pennsylvania's 60,000 patronage jobs in the family. There is talk that Dilworth might team with Senator Clark again in an all-out primary fight against the party regulars. But to do this he would have to resign as mayor and risk falling off the political ladder if defeated. Either way, by 1964, when his term as mayor ends, Dilworth's political leadership will be lost to Philadelphia, for the charter prohibits a third term.

What will happen to urban renewal? The citizen groups, with their progressive leaders, will still be there. So will the city planning commission and redevelopment authority. But none of these can do their best work without a political slugger to go to bat in the city council, at Harrisburg, and in Washington. Inevitably Philadelphia's much-praised renewal program, like a roller-coaster going uphill, will slow down.

No one can take away the gains of the reform years—the new skyscrapers, malls, housing projects, food centers, and the rest; nor would anyone want to. But blight and decay, like Old Man River, keep rolling no matter who is in City Hall. To be effective, urban renewal must overtake and run ahead of them.

Water Pollution: A National Disgrace

by SHERWOOD D. ROSS

AMERICAN VISITORS to Mount Vernon are not ordinarily shocked by a sign that greets them as they enter these hallowed grounds. The sign is a warning, advising them not to come in contact with the water if they value their health. Such signs have become commonplace throughout the land; that one should rise at the dock on the Potomac River near the home of our first President is merely symbolic. In its way, it has a strangely reassuring effect: it reminds many Americans of home. So does the odor. They could be standing on the banks of such rivers as the Hudson, the Mississippi, the Columbia, the Wabash, the Illinois, the Colorado, the Tennessee, the Red, the Missouri, or the Ohio. The sign at the estate of George Washington is not a particularly good advertisement for the American way of life, but it has—in an age of Madison Avenue mendacity—the virtue of being honest. It tells the truth about a national disgrace.

The significance of the sign does not lie alone in the fact that, according to U.S. Public Health Service estimates, we are spending a billion dollars annually on a bad advertisement—polluted waters. Nor is its significance that the Potomac is an unabashedly dirty river, too dirty to swim or fish in—and, ironically, very nearly too dirty to drink. The sign on the Potomac stands for the fact that a growing crisis exists in the disposal of our sanitary wastes and in the preservation and purification of our water resources. It signifies that, unless immediate and far-reaching steps are taken to clean up the nation's rivers and watercourses—our lakes, bays, and streams—the country will be in serious trouble.

This will not be mere dollars and cents trouble. There are more serious ills than those currently publicized by the Republican National Committee and the Bureau of the Budget. The startling truth is that the hour is rapidly approaching when the nation's water utilities may be unable to supply enough pure water for our expanding population; when industrial progress and economic growth may be seriously slowed by water shortages; when much of our wilderness may be ruined for recreation; and when the sight of dark, odiferous rivers winding through densely-populated metropolitan areas may become the absurd hallmark of what future historians might, not-so-humorously, label "The Effluent Society."

Actually, The Effluent Society is already upon us. The U.S. Public Health Service states: "Pollution of our streams is occurring at a faster rate than treatment of waters for reuse. Growing amounts of untreated . . . sewage . . . are creating pollution problems which endanger the nation's health and welfare." This view was underscored recently by the exhaustive and authoritative report of the Senate Select Committee on Natural Water Resources, better known as the Kerr Committee, after its chairman, Senator Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma. This study concludes, "Our waters are now receiving approximately *twice as much pollution from municipal systems alone as was considered allowable in 1955.*" (Italics added.) And it predicts that U.S. rivers, twenty years hence, will be carrying "nearly three times the allowable pollution."

The two principal sources of this burgeoning effluvium are rapidly-growing industries and mushrooming cities. Effluent from some 10,000 factories and mines—which includes such toxic stuff as sulfuric acid, alkalines, petrochemicals, slaughter-house, and atomic wastes—and from 11,000 municipal sewer outfalls is being poured pell-mell into our watercourses at record rates. The daily total of such liquid offal has increased from a population equivalent of 97 million persons in 1920 to 175 million today—and it is growing steadily.

Watersheds, by contrast, do not grow. The same amount of water which fell across the nation in 1920—about thirty inches—will fall during 1960, and nearly three-fourths of this precipitation will be returned each day to the sky by evaporation. What is available for use is about 600 billion gallons per day; and nature has not provided for its equitable geographic distribution, as residents of the southwestern states will attest. Today, the nation uses 270 billion gallons of this total each day. By 1980, only two decades in the future, Americans will require 600 billion gallons of water each day, *the total amount of water hydrologists estimate can be made economically available.* In that year, according to Interior Secretary Fred I. Seaton, "Our water requirements will have burst through the ceiling." By that time, perhaps the Federal government's snail's-pace desalinization program will have succeeded in producing cheap potable water from the sea, but this will still need to be piped hundreds of miles inland, at great expense.

Meanwhile, pollution is cutting into our available supply. Many U.S. cities have already begun to feel the pinch. Chicago, which rises on the shore of the world's largest fresh watershed, is being opposed by six Great Lakes states in its efforts to divert more water from Lake Michigan to purify its sewage, which it afterwards flushes down the Illinois River. And New York City may rise on the Hudson, but its eight million citizens must have their water piped in hundreds of miles from upstate

SHERWOOD D. ROSS is a Chicago publicist whose association with municipal affairs led him to make a comprehensive study of the water pollution problem in the United States.

watersheds. The Hudson is dark and dead. Moreover, if the city fathers entertained any extreme notions about cleaning it up above the salt water line to augment their supply, they must now reckon with the Atomic Energy Commission, which intends to use the Hudson in much the same fashion as it does the Columbia and the Mohawk—for the disposal of "low-level" atomic wastes.

Other cities, lacking New York's ability to finance hundred-mile-long aqueducts, must make do with watersheds of questionable quality. Of these cities—and there are hundreds—Washington is typical. In the time of James Monroe, S. L. Knapp, in his *Lectures on American Literature*, published in 1829, referred to the Potomac as "pure and sweet [and] . . . poetical." But in the era of Senator Wayne Morse, who has waged an unsuccessful campaign to clean it up, it is—in his words—"the filthiest river, for its size, in the whole world." Last year, the Potomac nearly failed to measure up to Public Health Service quality requirements. Water having a bacterial count of 5,000 or more coliform organisms per 100 milliliters is classified as an unfit supply for drinking without extra purification. The coliform count in George Washington's river averaged 4,862, a disquieting fact which moved a reporter for the Washington *Post* to comment, "The Potomac was OK by 138 bugs." Compared to many cities, residents of Washington are fortunate. The phrases of the Kerr Report are judicious and restrained, but their meaning comes through clearly: "The Connecticut River, in the present stage of planning, is not considered a source for public water supplies." Again: "Below Philadelphia pollution . . . has made the Delaware River impractical as a source of water supply."

This helps explain why all but three states—Idaho, Rhode Island, and Mississippi—reported water shortages and twenty-four million Americans had their water rationed in 1953, a typical year. It sheds light on the widespread water rationing of 1957, when more than a thousand water companies had to curtail private use of water because the supply and pressure for firefighting and other public needs sank so hazardously low.

Herblock in The Washington Post

"He Always Leaves a Nice Clean Desk"

Pollution is, potentially, an even greater menace to public health than it is to public safety. Its ill effects were spelled out three years ago when cases of infectious hepatitis, a waterborne disease, broke out in those Missouri River cities which piped their water from "Big Muddy"—an apt designation for what is hardly more than an open-air sewer choked with packing house wastes, sludge, garbage, and gas. Worse, such outbreaks are not expected to diminish. In an address last year before the Federation of Sewage and Industrial Wastes Associations, Assistant Surgeon General Mark Hollis charged that "there has been no progress on pollution abatement" and pointed out that:

¶ Urban growth, which tends to concentrate along the highways and waterways, is reducing the distance between one city's sewage outfall and the next city's water intake.

¶ It will not be uncommon for water in one river to be re-used five or six times.

¶ Technological advances, particularly in the petrochemical industry, have created hundreds of new pollutants whose effects on human beings have not been evaluated.

¶ Conventional waste-treatment technology (much less that required to combat the new chemical pollutants) lags behind the times; only a paltry $5 million is spent annually on waste-treatment research.

¶ The union of known pollutants and exotic chemical contaminants *will likely produce a chronic health hazard.*

When one considers that industry today is the chief source of pollution, it is ironic that, by its own neglect, it plays havoc with its economic future—and that of the nation. In the Northwest, for example, pollution threatens the salmon and tourist industries. Along the East Coast and the Gulf of Mexico, it has already hurt the multi-million dollar shellfish industry. In the Midwest, it has adversely affected the glass industry, among others, and in the Southwest, industrial developers cannot take advantage of geography to locate in population centers victimized by second-class water supplies. As the *Wall Street Journal* of April 4, 1957, observed: "Water supply now ranks with labor and transportation as a key factor in determining plant location. Some areas are being bypassed by industry because of water shortages, while water may play a big part in slowing the mushrooming growth of the Southwest."

What will happen in 1980, when water requirements "burst through the ceiling"? The nation has only begun to find an answer.

After forty years of neglect, permitting the transformation of our streams into sewers, Congress in 1956 passed the Water Pollution Control Act. This authorized Federal grants up to $50 million annually over a ten-year period for building sewage disposal plants and, in the four years since its passage, it has nearly doubled the rate of treatment plant construction, to almost $400 million annually. Praised editorially in *Public Works* magazine for stimulating "the gratifying growth of sewage treatment for small communities," the Act has produced the highest local-to-Federal ratio of any national aid program, one in which municipalities have put up $4.70 for every dollar of Federal help. In this period, more than 1,300 projects have been started or placed on the drawing boards—projects whose ultimate effect will be to clean up 14,000 miles of rivers.

One vital feature of the Act has been to empower the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to

issue cease and desist orders to plants and cities guilty of polluting a watershed. This provision has been invoked but once, when, in a history-making ukase last year, Secretary Arthur S. Flemming ordered Sioux City, Iowa, and five meat packers located there to stop discharging raw sewage into the Missouri. Unfortunately, the Public Health Service must depend on the states to petition for relief. At present, it is powerless to initiate a forceful campaign to clean up interstate rivers and lakes. Where the Public Health Service has not had its hands tied—as in the administration of the construction grant program—it has zealously administered the law.

Despite the new sewage plants going up, the rate of construction remains, in the words of former U.S. Conference of Mayors President Richard J. Daley of Chicago, "pitifully inadequate"—a view shared by virtually every organization of conservation, health, state, and municipal officials in the nation, as well as the President's own Water Pollution Advisory Board. Ignoring the advice of these expert groups—whose members are aware of an urgent need for 8,000 municipal sewage plants—the President last February vetoed the Democratic-sponsored Blatnik-Humphrey bill, aimed at raising the Federal help ceiling from $50 million to $90 million annually. In a display of mystifying logic, the President said he acted on the grounds that water pollution is a "uniquely local blight," overlooking a fact known to most fifth grade geography students—that about 2,000 rivers are interstate in character.

The cities are desperately in need of funds, and most rural-dominated state assemblies are indifferent to the needs of the urban clusters. For such obvious side-stepping, the President was subjected to a merciless attack in Congress even though the House failed by twenty-one votes to override his veto. A "shocked" Senator Ernest Gruening, Alaska Democrat, filled more than a page of the *Congressional Record* with figures listing expenditures of $55 million funneled abroad recently by the International Cooperation Administration for precisely the type of waterworks and sewerage projects the President banned here as "uniquely local."

Urgently needed is a bold new national water program coordinating the efforts of some twenty-five Federal agencies now ineffectively engaged in haphazard and part-time water resources programming. A National Water Resources Council with a director of Cabinet rank could help blueprint local, state, metropolitan, and regional waterworks and sewage treatment utility programs and administer an improved sewage-abatement law. Such legislation, by spurring industrial growth, will repay the public many times over. Surely a nation which can afford nine billion dollars each year for alcoholic beverages can afford one-tenth that sum over ten years to purify its water.

Meanwhile, the pollution signs continue to go up, along the Potomac and virtually every other major watercourse in the land. Unfortunately, the pollution menace will not abate until Congress enables the cities of America to purify their effluvium, and the last recalcitrant manufacturers are made to clean up their effluent before they take their profit. Just as we would not give away our forests and fields to privateers for personal gain, and as we have passed laws to stop the pollution of the air we breathe, so we should no longer tolerate the abuse of the nation's most precious natural resource—our rivers and streams. On them depend the health, safety, and nourishment of our cities, industries, and people.

The United Nations from A to Z

by SYDNEY D. BAILEY

It is well known that political institutions are shaped by the buildings in which they operate. The British political system was determined by the fact that, until the fire of 1834, the House of Commons met in a disused church—St. Stephen's, Westminster. There are only two ways of arranging the seats in a church. One is to have a preacher up front, and everybody else sitting in rows facing him. In political terms, this leads to dictatorship and is un-British. The alternative is to have people sitting in long rows, facing each other. This results in two sides, as in cricket, one side batting and the other side fielding. This is very British.

There is no tidy way of arranging the seats so that there can be three sides in the House of Commons, and it is a fact, which can be demonstrated statistically, that when the British Labor Party was created, the Liberal Party simply had to move out.

It would have been possible to have arranged the General Assembly hall at United Nations headquarters like the British House of Commons, with two sides. However, it would have been difficult to decide which side should bat first, so the architects picked up an idea which had first been suggested by William Penn in an essay written in 1693. Penn thought that, in order to avoid disputes about precedence, the hall in which a world parliament should meet should "be round, and have divers doors to come in and go out at." Penn also made a number of other proposals which have been adopted by the United Nations—annual sessions, rotation of the presidency, public debate, voting by secret ballot, and so on.

One aspect of the seating plan in the U.N. Assembly was not foreseen by Penn and has been sadly neglected by reputable scholars. I have recently been doing some research into this

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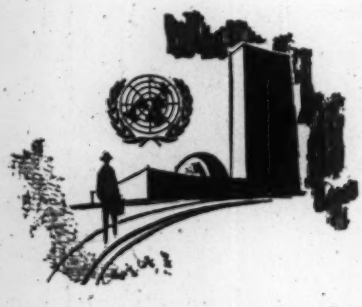
matter, and I can now reveal my main conclusions. I must confess that these were wholly unexpected when I first embarked on the project about ten minutes ago.

My first conclusion is that the determining factor in world affairs during the past fifteen years has not been the Cold War, the emergence of Asia and Africa, the hydrogen bomb, or the population explosion, but the seating arrangements in the U.N. Assembly. Representatives do not sit on opposite sides of a rectangular chamber as at Westminster or around a semi-circular chamber as on the continent of Europe, but in the English alphabetical order of States. This occasionally places friendly nations side-by-side. India, for example, sits next to Indonesia, the United Kingdom next to the United States. This makes it easier to vote right.

As often as not, however, representatives find themselves encircled by hostile powers. For years Israel was placed between Iraq and Jordan, and it is now no secret that Arab support for the package-deal of admissions to the U.N. in 1955 was determined mainly by a wish to sandwich Israel between Ireland and Italy. What is probably still known only to a few is that Britain engineered the *anschluss* between Egypt and Syria to form the United Arab Republic because United Kingdom representatives at the United Nations were fed up with sitting next to representatives of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

Countries with the word "Union" in the title have tended to fare badly at the United Nations. I need not elaborate the difficulties encountered



by the Union of South Africa and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The Arab Union of Iraq and Jordan was short-lived. The "Uniteds" have fared better, which is no doubt why Nasser named his empire the United Arab Republic; his chaps now sit with the United Kingdom and the United States. Perhaps this is a good omen for the United Nations itself.

My next conclusion is that the initial letter of a country determines its role in world affairs. The E's, for example, (Ecuador, Ethiopia, El Salvador) tend to be small and unpredictable. A secondary motive for the formation of the United Arab Republic was no doubt Egypt's wish to get out of the E-class.

The N's are well known as reliable moderates: Norway, New Zealand, Nepal, Netherlands. The P's tend to talk too much. Veteran diplomats at the United Nations know what to expect when the floor is given to Peru, Panama, Philippines, Paraguay, Portugal, or Poland. It is now clear that the creation of Pakistan was a deliberate attempt by Moslems on the sub-continent to get into the P's; for several years a Pakistani held the record for the longest U.N. speech. Recent evidence, however, suggests that the P-function is being taken over by the I's (India, Indonesia, Iraq, Iceland, Israel, Iran, Italy, Ireland). This may turn out to be a powerful force towards the reunification of India and Pakistan. Persia presumably changed its name to Iran so as to move from the P's to the I's.

I should emphasize that the initial letters of the surnames of representatives affect their chances of securing important offices in the Assembly. It is best to have a surname beginning with M. The M's have provided three of the Assembly's fourteen presidents (Maza, Munro, and Malik). This is six times as many presidencies as the M's would have had if chance had been the only factor. When a rival candidate was needed to contest the election of Charles Malik in 1958, it was inevitable that the choice would fall on Maghoub, Sudan's foreign minister at that time. The M's have also provided nine committee chairmen: Manuilsky, MacEachen, Moe, Munoz, Muniz, Mates, Marchena, Magheru, and Matsch.

The M's are still running well. I confidently predict that Michalowski (Poland) and Matsudaira (Japan) will achieve high office. And don't overlook some of the younger M's, such as Machowski (Poland), MacWhite (Ireland), Malitza (Romania), Mansur (Libya), Marandet (France), Mattar (Lebanon), Meisch (Luxembourg), Mestiri (Tunisia), Mewshaw (United States), Mirghani (Sudan), Mitra (India), Miyakawa (Japan), Moore (Britain), and Murray (Canada).

The whole subject deserves further study. What is the explanation of the fact that the C-countries are either in Asia (Cambodia, Ceylon, China) or the Americas (Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba)? Why are the F-countries found only in Europe (Finland, France) or the J's only in Asia (Japan, Jordan)? What forces compel the Y's (Yemen, Yugoslavia) to develop specially friendly relations with the United Arab Republic? Why do the inhabitants of T-countries (Tunisia, Turkey) adhere to Islam? Must the people of Tanganyika become Moslems before that territory can achieve independence?

Come to think of it, there are some interesting examples of the role of initial letters in the United States. Will someone tell me why three I-states (Indiana, Illinois, Iowa) are bunched together in the Middle West, or why five of the thirty-three American Presidents have had surnames beginning with H (Harding, the two Harrisons, Hayes, and Hoover)? This would be a good omen for Humphrey, except for the fact that there has not been a single H-President from the Democratic Party.

Obviously there is a need for further investigation. Existing research, as readers of this article are well aware, has only touched the fringe of the subject. I hope that some foundation will give me a large grant to pursue the matter further.

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Labor's Extra Dividend

by SIDNEY LENS

A YOUNG MAN sat in a Chicago bar recently, trying to drown the misery occasioned by a broken engagement. After several too many drinks, he whipped out a razor and slashed his wrists. When he regained consciousness he was in a state mental institution for observation. Sobered and shocked, he no longer regarded the broken troth as so important. His main concern was to gain his freedom. But he discovered he was confronted by a mountain of red tape. After a few desperate days he managed to smuggle a message out to the leaders of his labor union. In a matter of hours—after an influential union official had made some telephone calls—the rejected suitor was set free, ready to return to his factory job.

This case is hardly typical of the service that unions provide their members—if only because workers rarely try to commit suicide and wind up in mental institutions. But it is typical in the sense that coping with every conceivable kind of major and minor human tragedy is standard activity for a sizable majority of the 70,000 local labor unions in America. Sometimes the union can help, sometimes it can't. But in hundreds of thousands of instances the first move of a worker in personal difficulty is to seek help from his union. Frequently he has no other place to go. Most often the union is asked to solve relatively simple and mundane problems concerning garnishment of wages, denial of unemployment compensation, workmen's compensation, blood donations, or legal aid. The more unusual cases run the whole gamut of human experience. These are some of the more ordinary:

¶ A woman worker with a weakness for co-signing other people's loans found herself with a $2,500 debt and a dozen garnishments against her wages. Her employer wanted to fire her. A union official talked the company out of this drastic action and sent her to a lawyer to file bankruptcy.

¶ An eighteen-year-old boy spent $294 on a diamond ring for his girl friend. Investigation revealed that the ring was worth only $50, and the youngster wanted to return it. The unscrupulous merchant refused to accept it. A union official learned from a call to his attorneys that a contract with a minor is not binding. He made a satisfactory settlement by telephoning the merchant and threatening court action.

¶ A unionist went shopping for an automobile. A salesman showed her an old junk heap for $400 and suggested she drive it around the block to try it out. Before he gave her the keys he asked her to sign a "temporary receipt." It turned out the "receipt" was a bill of sale with many extra charges, bringing the total cost of the car to $700. When she brought the car back, the salesman said: "It's your auto now, take it off the lot." The distraught unionist got in touch with her union office, and a union official had a heated conversation with the salesman. "There are 50,000 union members in your neighborhood," he threatened. "Unless you cancel this deal I'll start a boycott of your lot by all of them." Usually this threat won't work. This time it did, and the deal was cancelled.

These are actual cases, typical of tens of thousands that make their way to local union offices each year.

Compensation cases—both unemployment and accident—are never-ending union problems. While not always strictly within the union's responsibilities, they are nevertheless related to the normal union functions of collective bargaining and negotiating on grievances. But innumerable other calls for help are totally unrelated. A union would have a good excuse for not attempting to answer them, but it seldom turns a deaf ear.

¶ A short-order cook joined a union. Only two days later, his ten-year-old daughter was struck by a railroad train. In grave need of blood transfusions, she was tottering between life and death. The union immediately put up notices on all its bulletin boards asking for help, and before a day had passed eleven members had each given a pint of blood.

¶ A factory worker, about thirty-five and single, had been supporting his aged father for ten years. The old man finally became senile and was unable to take care of himself, but the son could not afford a full-time nurse. He appealed to his union to help him locate an institution where the father could be placed free or at low cost. Within a few weeks the problem was resolved, and the father placed in a state rest home.

¶ A married woman asked her union for help for her epileptic husband. He was once a skilled worker but could no longer find work because of his condition. The union arranged for him to enter a rehabilitation center and after a while he was able to handle a new job.

Thousands of unions have counselors in each of their plants or units for just such personal advice and help. The United Automobile Workers Union requires that each local have a community services committee. Since 1945 the Chicago Industrial Union Council has trained 3,500 rank and file union members for such activity.

Why do unions involve themselves in this kind of personal assistance?

SIDNEY LENS, labor leader and writer, has contributed to the Harvard Business Quarterly, the Yale Review, Commonweal, Fellowship, and Liberation.

Admittedly such functions are peripheral to the main tasks of collective bargaining. Unions are involved in social service not only out of stark necessity but because of a residual and compelling idealism. Before unions came into existence, near the end of the Eighteenth Century, artisans and mechanics had formed "friendly societies" to help each other in times of sickness, accident, or death. When unions evolved, they incorporated these functions into standard practice. They have always had a "friendly society" flavor to them. The railroad brotherhoods at their inception were as concerned with accident and life insurance as much as they were with the normal problems of collective bargaining. Since the CIO was founded in 1935, its leaders have been keenly interested in giving the membership any kind of service necessary.

Since World War II another element has entered the picture. Unions now are competing for the allegiance of their members as never before. Collective bargaining has become remote from the world of the rank and file worker. Negotiations used to be conducted each year; now they come every two, three, or even five years. Bargaining used to be managed by a union member's own shop committee; now there are master pacts with the big corporations on a company-wide basis. An agreement reached with a corporate goliath like General Motors or U.S. Steel usually becomes the pattern for the rest of the industry. Long-term contracts and area-wide agreements have become common even among former AFL groups. In some industries the process goes a step further: a number of national unions collaborate in collective bargaining. The UAW and the Machinists work together in the aviation industry; the Meat Cutters and Packinghouse Workers are allied in negotiations with the meat packing corporations. More and more the decisions that count fall into a smaller number of hands—and the rank and file worker feels left out.

Paralleling long-term bargaining is a subtle change in internal union life. Local union elections which used to be held every year are now held every two or three years. As elective officers serve longer and longer terms, fewer members have the opportunity of participating actively in the management of union affairs. In the CIO especially the local union was once a beehive of internal political activity and healthy factionalism. Now, it has become institutionalized, and much of its dynamism has been lost in the process. Under these circumstances the loyal-

ty of a union member has become more and more tenuous.

Another complicating factor is that unions must now compete with management itself for rank and file allegiance. The big corporations have been increasingly active in developing social services for employees. For instance, employees of the Western Electric plant in Chicago are provided space to operate a large credit union involving millions of dollars of workers' funds. Western Electric itself provides a building and loan association, a social club with innumerable activities, a library, and fifty or sixty evening classes ranging from Spanish to basket-weaving. If an employee has legal or medical trouble, the company gives him the names of attorneys or doctors who might help.

Such practices create in the worker a sense of identity with his employer. Ordinarily it is not enough to overcome allegiance to the union, particularly where the labor organization is well-rooted. But in marginal instances it can tip the balance, and in cases where a new organizing drive is in progress it can be a decisive factor.

In self-defense, therefore, labor is forced to compete with employers in the area of social service. And all indications are that off-beat service, the "extra dividend," will become an even larger area of union activity.

Consider the Teamsters' Local 688 in St. Louis, headed by President James Hoffa's second in command, Harold Gibbons. There is scarcely a problem affecting the life of a worker that this union will not handle. It operates what is probably the finest medical center in the country, free of charge to union members and their families. It supplies drugs, dentures, and glasses at only a fraction of the commercial cost. Recently the union built a health and medical camp for its retired and convalescent members, as well as for those still working. This 218-acre tract, thirty miles from St. Louis, has a rest home, chapel, resort cabins, and children's vocational workshop, as well as the usual boating, swimming, and fishing facilities. Beyond that, Local 688 has the standard counseling services, classes, credit union, bowling clubs, baseball teams, and recreational affairs. It operates a hiring hall for its unemployed, gives free income tax service, organizes Christmas parties for members' children, and has a large blood bank for sick unionists. When a member retires he is not forgotten; though he no longer pays dues, he has access to most of the services. In the political arena, Local 688 elects community stewards in each ward. For members (and nonmembers) a steward handles such problems as neighborhood lighting, broken sidewalks, and zoning violations. He participates in campaigns to lower bus fares or increase bus service. Perhaps no institution in the area gives a member such a feeling of "belonging" as does Local 688.

District 65 of the Retail and Wholesale Union, in New York, is another exemplary organization that does practically anything for a union member. It runs the largest discount house in the labor movement. At its eleven-story headquarters one can buy anything from a glass of beer to hormones—at much less than regular commercial prices.

Walter Reuther's Auto Workers—the most dynamic big union in America—has pioneered in a new field that is attracting many other

unions: that of retired workers. The UAW allocates two cents of each monthly dues payment for this special department. In Detroit the UAW has a number of "drop-in centers" where old-timers congregate each day to play cards, talk, read, or practice the art of woodcraft. Through the UAW's intervention, these retired members can ride the buses at reduced fares in non-rush hours and can buy drugs in designated drug stores at reduced prices.

Extra dividend services come under a number of headings. One national union handles any kind of legal problem for its female members, including divorce cases—all free of charge. Local 1, Chicago Flat Janitors' Union, with 8,500 members, provides a similar free service in all instances except divorce. The Plumbers' Union in Chicago gives each of its members in the armed services a $100 savings bond. Hotel and Restaurant locals in Chicago provide income tax aid. The Retail, Wholesale, and Department Store Union this year offers a twenty-nine-day tour of Europe, all expenses paid, for only $695.

An important extra dividend area is in the health field. One hundred thousand union members and their families are covered by a Union Eye Care Center in Chicago. This is a low-cost, non-profit plan that has saved many a worker's eyesight. A local in Chicago made an arrangement with a group of dentists for what amounted to half-price rates on all dental care and dentures. There are sixty major union clinics throughout the country, such as the St. Louis Labor Health Institute, and ten hospitals run by the Miners' Union.

There are extra dividend services in the financial field. Today there are more than one thousand union sponsored credit unions, non-profit voluntary associations, operated by their members. They charge low interest rates and concern themselves not only with savings and loans, but with helping the worker formulate plans to become solvent.

Another dividend area is in housing. Unions are using health and welfare funds on a fairly large scale to provide low-cost shelter for both members and non-members. Local 3 of the Electrical Workers in New York has a sizable investment in a 2,225 unit project. The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers has put $20 million into housing loans. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union is backing an excellent cooperative project in New York which provides quarters for 1,600 families at far below the usual cost. The Central Conference of Teamsters has authorized the construction of a $3.5 million project for elderly people.

Then there is the dividend area of consumer services. Sidney Margolius and Ralph Reuter of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union teach classes for union members on how to buy wisely. There are scores of discount arrangements made by local unions for their members. The Postal Employees and Teachers unions in Chicago have buying clubs; members get twenty to thirty per cent discounts from merchants.

A new but growing dividend area is in the cultural field. Many unions, like District 65, have libraries for their members. The UAW has provided 1,500 sets of labor books for that many high schools, in this country and overseas. A half million dollars each year is given to the children of union members and some non-members as college scholarships. This is now a fairly extensive operation, involving twenty-six international unions and their locals, sixteen state bodies, twenty-seven city federations, and the AFL-CIO itself.

Finally, there is the large area of recreational activities. This includes not only bowling and baseball teams, but vacation resorts, singing groups, and social clubs. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union runs a "thousand-acre woodland paradise with a three-mile private lake" in the Poconos, a short distance from New York and Philadelphia. The auto union in the Chicago area operates an excellent motel and resort in Ottawa, Illinois. The Oil Workers have a camp on Lake Ontario; the Amalgamated Clothing Workers have one in Pennsylvania; the Upholsterers have a camp in Florida.

How effective are these services in building loyalty among union members and strength in the union itself? There is considerable dispute in management circles on this point. Some employer representatives believe that they make little or no difference. Others feel they do. One corporate supervisor argues that the question is irrelevant: unions must engage in social services just to keep up with employers. Management's activities, he concedes, are meant to compensate for speed-up and other ills of the work process. Like it or not, the unions must compete because management has the resources to sponsor a service program of large dimensions.

While labor's extra dividend services may be impressive, their significance should not be exaggerated. They are no substitute for a more forthright philosophy on war and peace, nor for political action on vital domestic issues. They are far removed from the answer to labor's present crisis, its decline in idealism, its general institutionalization. Social services fall far short of bridging the growing gap between union leaders and the rank and file. Nor do they erase the stigma that attaches to labor because of racketeering exposes and the pervasive spirit of materialism. Yet, the extra services do provide evidence that labor unions "have a heart." Unions serve the worker in far broader areas than is commonly realized. Life for the average worker is brighter, not only in wages and working conditions, but in personal terms, because of the extra dividends from his union.

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The Search for Africa

by MARTIN S. DWORKIN

AN UNINTENDED pathos heightens the sense of grandeur of the film, *Les Seigneurs de la Foret*, which is being offered in an English-language version as *Masters of the Congo Jungle*. The appreciation on screen of the organic balance of life in the primeval forest and savannah of deepest Africa has never been conceived with more respect, and executed with as much sensitivity and cinematic eloquence. But so civilized a view of savage nature is inevitably late. The very scrupulousness with which the superbly intimate photography avoids intrusion upon the lives of men and animals is a salute from a vast distance in time. Explorers and empire builders, trophy hunters and colonial managers could rise only rarely out of their possession of nature, and only with ostentatious difficulty to levels of indulgent travelogues and paternal anthropology. Now, as the Africans discover themselves, the Europeans hasten to depict an Africa that was always elusive, and is already vanishing.

Forces of change permeate the entire continent, politics and nature transforming each other in what is surely one of the great paroxysms of history. More than ever, it is difficult to see Africa—and not the least of the problem is the intervention of traditional fictions, each making perpetual propaganda in its own behalf, prescribing an imagination fixated upon some romantic image of unchanging ambiguity. In Africa as everywhere, but in Africa now more than anywhere, the changeless is illusion—most pathetic and dangerous when the definition of civilization itself seems to require a permanent fantasy of nature and natural, unspoiled mankind. It was significantly in his own *Voyage au Congo*, more than thirty years ago, that Andre Gide, reading Bossuet's oration on Henrietta of England along the steaming jungle waterways and overgrown trails, commented upon the rhetor's contempt for things that pass quickly: "I shall have plenty of time to contemplate the immutable, since you assure me my soul is immortal; give me leave to make haste and love what is so soon to disappear."

The Honorary President of the Belgian International Scientific Foundation, which made *Masters of the Congo Jungle*, is King Leopold III. Leopold, of course, no longer reigns —and somehow it is appropriate that he sponsor and contribute a preface to this film. The Congo had been preempted as a private preserve by his grand-uncle, the second Leopold, who proceeded to carry the colonial exploitation of Africa to its most proverbial excesses of the Nineteenth Century—all for the sustenance of Europe's most privileged debauchery. Much of Belgium's colonial policy since has been calculated to undo or mitigate the initial savageries of civilized governance, and to point towards a future of gradual Europeanization. Informing this relatively enlightened policy, especially in recent years, has been a deepened understanding of the complex integration of native customs, animal life, and natural conditions. The *Masters of the Congo Jungle* may be regarded as one superlative evidence of Europe's long-maturing search for an essential Africa: an unspoiled, unconverted, dark and terrible, invincibly ignorant but physically and spiritually harmonious Africa.

For the European, the search has become a matter of vital self-respect. The age of imperial decline is also one of eroding certainties over the superiority of races and civilizations. Modern art and music, as well as cultural and behavioral sciences, do more than dignify the complex simplicities of heretofore ignored or disparaged ways of life. Modernity itself is implicated in rediscovery of the primitive—not for purposes of sophisticated reversion, but for a profound and ceremonial recognition. Now that it is so late, it is more important than ever for the land and people uncorrupted by the ambiguous benefits of progress to be fixed in the imagination—and conscience.

By the time *Masters of the Congo Jungle* was being made, the forces altering the balances of sovereignty in Africa were working in the Congo itself. The film could never have been created by conquerors and colonizers in their heyday. And the educated, "detribalized," urban elite among the new nationalists, plunging towards what is surely a dangerous, but nevertheless an African future, are in some ways disenchanted with what they consider an acceptance in their infant nation of backwardness, rather than nobly primitive naturalism. The white man's belated admiration for the stone-age sufficiency of so many of their own people appears as another form of condescension—albeit the grounds now may be those of cultural anthropology, rather than racist biology or theology. For these nationalists, the attitude, despite all its worthy and welcome solicitude for simple people living in a difficult environment, amounts to a rationale for insisting upon gradualism in the African's advance towards full participation in government. From the standpoint of pure, impatient patriotism, the truths and beauties of *Masters of the Congo Jungle* are irrelevant—if not already anachronistic, and possibly obstructive.

The qualities of the film, however, are in themselves undeniable—and finally triumphant in their own chosen arena of discourse. The artists, scientists, and technicians who worked

on the film were fully conscious of their burden of the countless travelogues and conventional fictions made about the jungles and plains of exotic, mysterious Africa. In a talk before the New York Film Council, the producer of *Masters,* Henri Storck, emphasized the care taken to avoid the cliches of ordinary escapism, and to keep the techniques of cinema themselves from altering the realities under search. The model of artistic and technical effort was not Walt Disney, but Robert Flaherty. No "True Life Adventure" dramatization of nature, distorting animal behavior in the precious manner of the animated cartoons of cute woodland folk, using facetious montage, reverse and slow-motion trickery—to the contemptuous accompaniment of banal music. There is no contrivance of contrasts, arranging reality to comport with a thesis or formula. There is no construction of happy outcomes in the cruel wilderness—nor any converse enjoyment of natural violence.

In the Flaherty tradition, the film makers first wove themselves as deeply as possible into the pattern of life in the Congo and the neighboring Ruanda-Urundi. The vital preliminary phase of preparation was especially difficult, because of the scope of the project and the personnel and equipment required. In fact, the recreation of the sense of a *secrete entente* among men and animals, within a magical order of the land and seasons, was made possible only because an anthropologist, Daniel Biebuyck, spent more than eight years studying the several tribes depicted.

Since Flaherty first shared the daily fortunes of his classic subject, Nanook the Eskimo, it is not new for film makers laboriously to gain the confidence of primitive peoples—until cameras and lighting and recording paraphernalia are tolerated. It is, however, unfortunately rare for the cameras to be more than the instruments of visitors, catching the friendly natives in apt poses, suitable for becoming the memorabilia of vicarious travelers. Directed by the Swiss ethnologist, Henry Brandt, the Belgian and German technicians for *Masters* were able to place their apparatus so as to permit the observation of aspects of life that would have been neglected or misunderstood without Biebuyck's studies.

The structure of the film itself depends upon the interpretation of the minds of the Congolese. At the beginning, after title and credit sequences realizing dramatic, dynamic possibilities in the usually static CinemaScope format, the general and particular areas of concern are established with maps and geological dioramas. The first narrator, Orson Welles, reading the excellent translation of Max-Pol Fouchet's lyrical commentary, expresses the sophisticated wonderment of the new explorers, prepared to respect what was before beneath civilized notice or beyond a knowledge so distantly superior. The second narrator, William Warfield, articulates the primitive imagery of the people of the earth, as an old man of the Banyanga begins to explain the mystery of the *entente* of man and animals. The counterplay of Welles's and Warfield's voices provides a deliberate aural contrast and synthesis of European and African characters—even as the cinematic elegance of the images and the visual force of simple people seen on their own terms of dignity and self-respect are at once subtly incongruous, and powerfully complete. Beliefs and rituals are not disparaged, in sound or photography. As the old man speaks of the primal deity of fire, for example, we are shown awesome views of the forbidding crest and the cracking, flaming crater of the great, sacred volcano of the Virunga.

The views of various tribal activities and rituals often have an almost misleading intimacy, as if the cameras have always belonged. The graceful egret dance of tall bare-breasted Watusi girls of the savannah is respectfully observed and sensitively interpreted, in a sequence contrasting vividly with the patronizing ignorance of travelogues without number. Without a sense of intrusion, the camera is present in the men's hut of the pygmoid Paremba in the deep forest, as they eat and discuss a hunting campaign with an unselfconscious formality.

The focus of this search is the indigenous sense of a spiritual relationship of men and animals. And complementing the sensitive portrayal of the peoples of the Congo are some of the most truthful sequences of animals ever filmed. Under the direction of Heinz Sielmann, the crews for the animal material went to extraordinary trouble to place and operate their equipment without disturbing or distorting the natural behavior of their subjects. Working out of elaborate blinds, with such patience as to take weeks for a single shot, Sielmann deliberately avoided any suggestion of trick photography.

The proliferate diversity of life—lions, hippopotami, cassowaries, spoonbills, pelicans, an unceasingly inquisitive aardvark, a perpetually hysterical hyena—are observed in their normal visual aspect. A soaring, sweeping sequence of a fishing eagle has the immediate feeling of flight, rather than of a distant view of movement through the air. In following the crashing stroll through the dense forest of a gorilla family, led by a huge, mercurially protective bull, we sit surprised by proximity, feeling unarmed and luckily undiscovered.

The characteristic compression of telephoto lenses bringing objects a few hundred yards off and those miles beyond into the same apparent zone of focus is not present—nor are the fast panoramic sweeps these lenses make possible. There are none of the startling, essentially falsifying long shots, as in Disney's *The African Lion,* showing predators walking in seeming peace alongside their natural prey—substantiating by distortion editorial prejudices about benign "cycles" of life, added in the film's commentary to fit the images recorded.

Events in the political transformation of the Congo, the jewel of tropical Africa, surely provide a varicolored background for the vivid colors of the film. *Masters of the Congo Jungle* is in time to illuminate the enigmas of an Africa that is passing—as new, unpredictable perplexities form the events of the future. At one point, a tribal shaman is shown going off alone into the parched plain to raise his primeval prayers for rain. The film does not dismiss, or laugh, or patronize. It is not yet advanced enough truly to disagree, but it seeks to understand and explain. In this, there is a certain measure of achievement, as well as significance—and, perhaps, prophecy.

Japanese Grievances

Dear Sirs:

The recent revision of the Mutual Security Treaty with Japan did too little to meet Japanese grievances. It came perhaps seven years too late. It was worked out in such a way as to emphasize Japan's subordinate position, to support a particular Japanese politician (Premier Kishi), and therefore to antagonize his opponents. Let me spell out each of these three points.

1. The Japanese do not want Japan to "attract the lightning" of World War III by use as a base for offensive or espionage operations against Russia and China. Accordingly they do not want atomic weapons or U-2 planes there without their own consent or the use of Japan as a staging area for movements of U.S. troops to Formosa or to the Asian mainland without their own consent. The Treaty gives them no assurances on either point. There is language about "consultation," which may give the Japanese the veto they want—or may simply require that they be informed of each American *fait accompli*. Of secondary importance now, the revision says nothing about possible limitations on Japan's financial support of the Americans stationed there, or about America's right to take over farm land for airfield extensions, or about the other nagging problems arising under the 1952 draft.

2. The excuse for the unequal treaty of 1952 was the Korean War, in which the U.N. forces used Japan as their major operating base. The time to modify its provisions in a manner befitting the status of an independent Japan was in 1953, immediately after the Korean Armistice. With each passing year Japanese grievances have accumulated and the concessions necessary to mollify Japanese opinion have increased. The present draft might have been enough in 1953; it is certainly not enough in 1960.

3. In an article in *The Progressive* in 1958 I advocated that concessions to Japan be made unilaterally by the United States renouncing or modifying its rights under the old Treaty, rather than by a revision such as was actually negotiated. By its generosity this method would have largely disarmed Japan's anti-American Left. It would have absolved the Japanese government and Diet from rubbing their noses in the dirt a second time to "invite" American troops to remain in Japan because the Japanese could not adequately "defend themselves" under the no-war Article IX of the MacArthur Constitution. The concessions, furthermore, could have been made to the Japanese government and people directly and as a whole, rather than through a particular politician in an attempt to shore up his declining popularity.

Let me add a postscript on the "Ampo-Hantai" riots of May and June, culminating in the cancellation of the Eisenhower visit. It is quite true (as the press has stressed) that the Japanese people opposed the methods used by the Sohyo unionists and Zengakuren students to keep Eisenhower out of Japan. On the other hand it should not be forgotten that the Japanese people opposed with equal vigor the ratification of the revised Security Treaty. All the polls showed this, although the American press ignored the results.

The unpopularity of the treaty revisions explains (1) the difficulty of doing anything effectively to suppress the rioting, (2) the rioters' claim to be upholding Japanese democracy, and (3) the Liberal-Democratic Party's reluctance to face a general election with the treaty as a main issue. It does not explain why the normally astute Premier Kishi signed the revised Treaty last January in the first place. This may remain a mystery until Kishi publishes his memoirs.

MARTIN BRONFENBRENNER
Professor of Economics
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, Minn.

Meyner's Masterpiece

Dear Sirs:

"The Cruel Deception of Civilian Defense" by Governor Robert Meyner is a masterpiece. Governor Meyner is one of the few men in public office who has had the courage to speak out publicly on the issues relating to peace and disarmament, without pulling his punches, or paying lip-service to the stereotypes we have formed of the intentions of the Soviet Union.

ANNE M. STADLER
Chairman, Platform for Peace
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Governor Robert B. Meyner's "The Cruel Deception of Civilan Defense" is a breath of fresh air in the slogan-polluted, hypocritical atmosphere that prevails in this country.

Almost four years ago I was reliably informed that the military no longer trained their people in disaster recovery to do anything about areas actually bombed with nuclear weapons, but were simply training them to concentrate on re-routing transportation and communication around the blasted areas for an indefinite period of time. This was a matter of fact decision based upon available knowledge of the effect of a major nuclear explosion.

In the meantime, the Congress has continued to support this ex-military officers' WPA to kid the people about the possibility of surviving a nuclear blast. And Governor Nelson Rockefeller and others have been peddling the equivalent of concrete sardine cans in every basement where the family, including the pedigreed dog, could live happily in their excrement while conditions outside returned to normal.

CLAY L. COCHRAN
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

"The Cruel Deception of Civilian Defense" by Governor Robert B. Meyner in the June issue, should be published far and wide. Now, the question is: how can the millions of people who heartily agree with Governor Meyner make their voices heard?

ETHEL COHEN
Oakland, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I am a freshman in high school. I know that I am not the only student who enjoyed the article by Governor Robert Meyner. I am pleased that there is at least one voice differing with the Luce line of journalism.

What peeves me is that five or ten years after an expensive, military project is finished, it is declared obsolete and junked into scrap. We are spending money on expensive weapons in anticipation of a military war that will never come to our shores or skies.

Just imagine what we could do if we used that money for such projects as Food for Peace, originated by Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, or for educating students from underdeveloped countries, or, as Mr. Meyner suggested, providing prefabricated homes for Asians and Africans. This would certainly regain some of the prestige we have lost in the last several years, and it would be a great humanitarian effort that other countries might follow.

HERBERT HOWE
St. Louis, Mo.

Open Letter to Sinatra

Dear Mr. Sinatra:

In the New York *Times* recently, a half-page advertisement appeared under your name as follows:

STATEMENT

"In view of the reaction of my family, my friends and the American public, I have instructed my attorneys to make a settlement with Albert Maltz and to inform him he will not write the screenplay for *'The Execution of Private Slovik.'*

"I had thought the major consideration was whether or not the resulting script would be in the best interests of the United States.

"Since my conversations with Mr. Maltz had indicated that he had an affirmative, pro-American approach to the story, and since I felt fully capable as producer of enforcing such standards, I have defended my hiring of Mr. Maltz.

"But the American public has indicated it feels the morality of hiring Albert

Maltz is the more crucial matter, and I will accept this majority opinion."

FRANK SINATRA

Your statement surprises me, for it is seldom that a man pays his own money to advertise in four full columns in the New York *Times* and other newspapers his own surrender to the forces of bigotry and his retreat from his own moral conscience. You seem to admit this in the words you use, and there is a tone of guilt in the first three paragraphs. But in your fourth and last paragraph you become less than honest both with yourself and with the public.

Would you have us believe that the American people had an opportunity to vote on this issue? If you felt obliged to surrender your own convictions under pressure, then you should have had the honesty to say so. But to hide behind the myth that such is the will of the majority of the American people is to slander that majority which has ever risen to the defense of freedom and human dignity, whenever given the opportunity to do so.

There is yet another principle involved in your statement. In Jewish tradition it is expressed by the words: "Do not follow a multitude to do evil." I am certain that in your own faith as well, as in all great moral religions, there are similar sentiments expressed. Even if you believed that a number of people sanctioned your capitulation to bigotry, given your own convictions as expressed in your statement, your surrender is shameful no matter how many or great the multitude of bigots.

You have achieved wealth and fame, and with little to lose, might have remained steadfast to your own principles as expressed in your statement: ". . . the major consideration was whether or not the resulting script would have been in the best interests of the United States." Yours was an opportunity, not given to every man, to be a champion of the democratic heritage at little cost to yourself. Instead you have given us a Pasternak case. But while the great Russian author was condemned by his peers because his work was judged hostile to his country, you discharge Albert Maltz not for his work which "would have been in the best interests of the United States," but for his alleged opinions. To add insult to injury, you employ the use of the word "morality," while perpetrating immorality.

You once popularized a song called *The House I Live In*, the lyrics of which spoke of the great themes of our democracy. What a tragedy it is that in surrendering your own conscience, you have also made poorer the house we all live in.

RABBI ROBERT E. GOLDBURG
New Haven, Conn.

Help for Africans

Dear Sirs:

At least $100,000 is urgently needed at the earliest possible date for legal aid and family welfare for the 2,000 Africans, non-white and white, affected by arrest, police shootings, and clubbings in the past months.

The African Defense and Aid Fund of the American Committee on Africa is helping to pay some of the overwhelming costs of medical care, food, clothing, and legal aid. $10,000 has been sent by the Fund since the emergency, but much more is needed.

At this late hour in African history, one fanatically racist government holds out at the tip of the continent and threatens to upset the balance and progress of all the other newly emerging and avowedly non-racial governments. If, as Alan Paton writes, the Afrikaner Nationalist "will change only when the pressure inside and outside the country becomes unendurable," it is up to all of us who believe in democracy and justice to help exert that pressure.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR
A. PHILIP RANDOLPH
WALTER REUTHER
American Committee on Africa
801 Second Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

Socialist 'Utopianism'

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial "The Socialists' New Mission" in the July issue was extremely good. Our goal of political realignment does indeed have a somewhat "utopian flavor." For this we make no apology; America desperately needs a revival of "utopianism," in that term's best sense. We feel that it is precisely our capacity to offer new ideas and programs inspired by vision that gives the Socialist Party special relevance and attractiveness today.

Copies of our declaration on political realignment are now available in printed form, under the title of "A Way Forward." Our provocative new 1960 Platform is also available. The former sells for ten cents and the latter for fifteen. Both may be obtained by writing to SP-SDF, 303 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

IRWIN SUALL
National Secretary
Socialist Party—Social Democratic Federation
New York, N.Y.

Fast Vanishing Farmer

Dear Sirs:

I challenge the recent irresponsible statement in "The People's Forum" that American farmers constitute the richest group in the United States. I am sick and tired of seeing farmers vilified as uncouth, whining, master extortionists in mud-splattered Cadillacs.

My husband and I belong to that race of fast-vanishing Americans, the tenant farmer on a family farm of fewer than 160 acres. We are fast-vanishing *because* of government farm programs which we and most other farmers do not want. Luckily, we are small enough and diversified enough so that these programs cannot be forced upon us by the government—and, like many other farmers in this area, we refuse to join or to accept the many invidious government offers which, if not checked, will eventually spell our own doom as a group.

The government does not support the farmer. Our unstable, unpredictable, irregular wages can be averaged on a best-year basis at $45 per week for a fifty-two-week work year of seven days a week, twelve hours a day, with no paid holidays, no Sundays off, no paid vacations, no hospitalization or life insurance plan, no workmen's compensation in event of injury, no unionization, nor any other "fringe benefits." Farming is no longer seasonal, but a year-long diversified job, and our fifty per cent of the net income supports five persons—the other fifty per cent is paid to the landlord.

Because our farm is forty-one miles from even the most rudimentary business services which are only a telephone call away from the city dweller, my husband and I are not only farmers but our own mechanics, plumbers, welders, carpenters, masons, painters, paperhangers, yardmen, veterinarians, business executives, accountants, secretaries, cooks, waitresses, laundresses, and parlormaids. And farm wives are not, as popularly believed, unpaid hired men without education or femininity.

Having to live within one's income can be very bracing. Independence and enforced self-sufficiency in most things may not always be convenient, but they are educative. As for the paucity of income, farmers are often asked why they remain in farming if the financial rewards are so small and so irregularly received. What else can the trained farmer do but farm? Off the farm he is classified as unskilled labor, and paid accordingly. However, what the farmer *wants* to do is farm, and farm without government meddling. Farming in itself is a skill; and farming is a way of life. We are proud to be so small a part of the nation's population, yet supplying so large a part of the nation's food.

We doubt that most city people would be willing to trade their "deprivations" for our "luxuries"—even if they had the $100,000 necessary to purchase a farm of our small size and the equipment required to run it. In no other small business is such a tremendous initial investment required; that is why most small farmers are tenants, often passing their tenancy to their sons. The owners of most such farms in this area are city people who have purchased them for the income. In some cases, the owners refuse to modernize farmhouses and install plumbing.

I think any American, regardless of vocation, is entitled to decent living conditions and a decent living wage. Let's place the blame for governmental abuses where it belongs—with the government.

ELISABETH ARTHUR
Central, Ill.

Prophesies a Paradox

Dear Sirs:

Martin Luther King's article on the deeply moving and thrilling *Satygraha* taking form in the American South today brings to mind a thought that could be one of the great paradoxes of historical perspective. It is conceivable that the future will look back on Dwight David Eisenhower as the President who did more for the Negro in his struggle for civil rights than any other Chief Executive, with the possible exception of Abraham Lincoln. The next century could well look at the following as proof that Eisenhower was the great egalitarian of American Presidential history:

1. Under his Administration the first civil rights laws have been written since the Reconstruction Period.

2. Under his Administration, Washington, D.C., changed, to all intents and purposes, from a segregated to a desegregated city.

3. "His" Supreme Court, by unanimously declaring the impossibility of a "separate but equal" doctrine in the field of education, gave the integration movement both a "proper" and legal focal point.

4. Ike sent the troops to Little Rock.

5. The final year of his Administration saw not only the emergence of "passive resistance," and the widespread awareness of what the Negro could accomplish by discriminately using his purchasing dollar, but also witnessed the founding of a widespread encouragement of civil rights in the American North, an encouragement that was vibrant and optimistic in the inimitable manner of the young and idealistic.

How sad that we contemporaries must so often observe the facts to be otherwise.

ERIC A. SEIFF
New York, N.Y.

Questions WILPF Objectivity

Dear Sirs:

Your May article on Jane Addams makes me wonder whether she would have had as little concern for the victims of Soviet aggression as the organization she founded has had.

For ten years I was a devoted member of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. I was an alternate delegate to its International Congress in Luxembourg in 1946, member of the national board, and president of the Chicago branch.

In the early 1950's I learned that I had been mistaken in assuming that the WILPF could be as unbiased and objective about Soviet imperialism as, for example, it had been about British and French colonialism. Its concern for the right of "the self determination of nations" was nowhere in evidence as nation after nation lost its freedom under Soviet aggression.

Responsible WILPF leaders gave many reasons to justify this silence: They didn't want to spread hate, increase McCarthyism, or add to the hysteria against Communism; others pointed out its dangers, the WILPF didn't need to; it would do no good to protest to Communist nations; we were responsible for what our government did, not what Communist governments do; the WILPF wanted to be an agency of reconciliation with the Communist world. But whatever validity these reasons might have, the net result was not objectivity.

Only recently I wrote for any proof that existed of the WILPF's opposition to Communist violations of freedom. A copy of the organization's publication, *Four Lights*, October 1957, was sent to me which reported that the International Executive Committee of the WILPF had sent a brief statement to Dag Hammarskjold and Henry Cabot Lodge saying they were of the opinion the United Nations was under an obligation to proceed with the investigation of the Hungarian question, and make efforts to secure an objective report.

Only this, and nothing more. Whatever the WILPF's "opposition to the totalitarianism of the left" means, it obviously does not mean any forthright opposition to what Soviet tanks and guns did to the freedom of Hungary.

Was it the legacy of Jane Addams that it should be none of the WILPF's business if Communist nations or groups destroyed freedoms? I doubt it.

ELSIE JOHNSON
Dallas, Tex.

East Germans Fare Better

Dear Sirs:

In view of the discussion in the People's Forum in the July issue regarding East Germany, your readers may be interested in a recent report from the *Wall Street Journal*. After pointing out that living standards in East Germany are still "considerably lower than they are in West Germany," the *Journal's* dispatch went on to concede that "there are many signs that life for the average citizen is getting better in East Germany."

The *Journal* notes: "Massive housing programs are providing cheap apartments. The quality of clothing, shoes, and appliances is rising, along with output. The real income of consumers is trending upward. Says a United Nations economic study, 'The rise in real wages in Eastern Germany in 1959 seems to have been the highest in any country for which data are yet available.'"

L. S. VICKERS
Chicago, Ill.

Report on Krebiozen

Dear Sirs:

Regarding George S. Stanford's letter in the People's Forum in your June issue, under the heading "Krebiozen Untested," if Mr. Stanford will send one dollar to The Independent Cancer Research Foundation, Inc., 118 West 57th St., New York 19, N.Y., and ask for the latest report on The Krebiozen Battle, Status Report No. 1, he will be brought up to date on this subject.

This report is thoroughly documented and I am sure it will scientifically change Mr. Stanford's thinking.

CHRISTOPHER H. HILL, SR.
Salinas, Calif.

God and Man

Dear Sirs:

I am indignant at David Fellman's treatment of Paul Blanshard's new book, *God and Man in Washington*, in the May issue.

The Progressive should be 100 per cent behind him in his battle to preserve the wall of separation between church and state. You dismissed the book. If Thomas Jefferson were alive he would have written a foreword for it.

K. L. HANSON
Chicago, Ill.

Help for Indian Students

Dear Sirs:

About seven years ago a group of Indian students formed an organization named "The Indo-American Club" to promote better understanding between the two countries through various programs such as lending American books, magazines, and other reading matter, arranging film shows at schools and colleges, inviting American and Indian speakers to address gatherings here, arranging exhibitions on various aspects of American life, and finding friends to write to one another.

It is quite evident that the current anti-American trend among university students in India is not just an inevitable swing of the pendulum but is largely the result of deliberate propaganda. Though the solution rests first of all with India, American cooperation can certainly make its achievement easier. And the more it is based on a spirit of confidence and equal partnership, the greater will be the chances of reversing the anti-American trend among university students.

In Kerala, where Communist influence is greater than any other state in India, the need for an organization like ours that counteracts the lies about the United States is always felt. In this attempt we believe that magazines like *The Progressive* help tremendously.

A few years ago we made an appeal in the People's Forum of your magazine for American literature, and the response we had from your readers was most encouraging. As we depend greatly on such friends for the receipt of used American magazines and books to keep our library service going, we feel that another appeal in *The Progressive* would kindle the interest of still more readers.

The Club welcomes correspondence from interested individuals and organizations in the United States and from all those who could help us with books and magazines which they have read and no longer need. Please enclose international reply coupon for the value of $1.98 or six coupons of 33 cents each if reply by air mail is expected.

T. J. JOHN
Secretary
The Indo-American Club
Chengannur, Kerala State
South India

America on Trial

Dear Sirs:

President Eisenhower was not speaking for me when he recently said that an apology and promise to the Soviet government that such acts of spying would be discontinued would be repugnant to the American people. I believe this apology should have been made immediately.

I can well imagine what would happen if a Russian plane were sighted, say, over the state of Kansas. Indignation would mount to the point where every high ranking military man in the Pentagon would be found standing in line, pushing and shoving, to have a turn in releasing atomic and hydrogen bombs destined for Russia. The press and radio would be screaming for apologies and condemnation of Russian transgression.

This one irresponsible, colossal military blunder has caused us irreparable harm in every corner of the world. In this case it is America that is on trial, not Russia, and

all of our pious pronouncements of innocence will not erase the intent and purpose of this spying mission over Russian territory. The fact that Russia may possibly have conducted similar flights is no justification for our ridiculous behavior.

JOSEPH A. PRACHAR
Lombard, Ill.

Nixon's Shameful Tactics

Dear Sirs:

I once lived in the Twelfth Congressional District of California where Richard Nixon made his entry into national politics. I wish everyone could know, as I do, the shameful tactics employed by Mr. Nixon and his followers in their campaign against Jerry Voorhis.

F. F. DAVIS
Montrose, Calif.

Television Jungle

Dear Sirs:

We've just seen your January issue and were deeply impressed with the article on television by Bernard Asbell.

Just as parents fail to detect the growth of their children when they see them every day, we suspect that most U.S. residents fail to realize the growth in acceptance of violence as a standard norm of behavior in America.

For us, with the perspective of two years between each "home leave," it is a real shock to come home and see how much of television time patterns mores which outjungle the jungle.

MR. AND MRS. L. P. HOWARD
Dhahran
Saudi Arabia

Applauds Meyer on Cuba

Dear Sirs:

As a Cuban following with great interest the news coverage in the United States of the situation in my country, I was extremely pleased to read Karl Meyer's informed and well-balanced report, "Castro's Cuba," in the May issue.

FRANCISCO SAN MIGUEL
Severna Park, Md.

Confusion on Socialists

Dear Sirs:

One of the things that annoys me about the newspapers, especially in the big cities like New York, is the constant reference to Norman Thomas and his so-called Socialist Party. In contrast to the Socialist Labor Party, which is steadily increasing the scope of its activities, the Socialist Party, in spite of all the free publicity it gets from the press, is destined to go the way of all reform parties—downward.

In 1956 the Socialist Party candidate for President received only 2,126 votes, down from more than 900,000 votes rolled up by Norman Thomas in 1932.

In 1956 the Socialist Labor Party Presidential nominee, Eric Hass, received more than 45,000 votes, in spite of the fact that the Socialist Labor Party, in comparison with other parties, was given scarcely any notice by the press.

NATHAN PRESSMAN
Ellenville, N.Y.

Germ Warfare

Dear Sirs:

The American public is being subjected to "education" by the Army to accept gas and germ warfare as legitimate means of defense. How short is memory! Only a few years ago when the Chinese Communists accused us of using germ warfare in the Korean war there was an outcry of indignation through the entire country. The very idea that we would spread disease was deemed incompatible with American ideals. And yet the Army Chemical Corps is stockpiling flies infected with plague, cholera, dysentery, and many other germs and toxins.

The Peace and Service Committee of the New York Monthly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) rejects the idea of gas and germ warfare on both religious and practical grounds. The Golden Rule which is commonly accepted as the basis for our national morality requires us to refrain from producing such atrocities even if the contention is true that the Russians propose germ warfare.

Will America allow itself to be driven by fear, or will it assume moral leadership in a sick world?

FRANK KAISER
New York, N.Y.

Law Essence of Peace

Dear Sirs:

It has long been overdue for *The Progressive* and other liberal publications to place more emphasis on one of the absolute prerequisites of peace—world law. In printing Representative Byron Johnson's excellent "Toward a More Positive Peace Program," *The Progressive* has made some amends.

"World law" may sound like a vague, abstract concept, yet law is the very essence of orderly, peaceful, democratic life. On a national, state, and local level, the existence of law has meant peace and order under recognized legal procedures.

We desperately need this same "law" approach on a world level. Like all members of the United World Federalists, I am convinced that only enforceable world law, administered by a much more powerful United Nations, will make universal, inspected disarmament feasible and a secure world peace possible.

LEO NEWMAN
Springfield, Mass.

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BOOKS

Images of America

AMERICA AND THE IMAGE OF EUROPE, by Daniel J. Boorstin. Meridian Books. 192 pp. $1.35.

ISSUES OF FREEDOM, by Herbert J. Muller. Harper. World Perspective Series. 170 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by

Wilson O. Clough

WE ARE an extension of Western civilization. This we acknowledge. Nevertheless, the American self-image has drawn more heavily on our differences from Europe. We possess freedom, opportunity, equality, optimism; we have avoided feudalism, aristocracy, monarchy, entrenched privilege. True, a few voices have inverted the theme and stressed American materialism, vulgarity, and mass opinion as against European art, manners, and philosophy. But these voices have not prevailed.

Now we have fallen on soberer days. We are more like Europe, or Europe is more like us. We find it difficult to focus on our self-image. We need redefinition and reassurance. Here is where these two little books enter. Herbert Muller, best known for his stimulating *Uses of the Past*, gives us what amounts to a handbook on the meanings of freedom. Daniel Boorstin, whose *The Colonial Experience* recently won the Bancroft prize, is concerned here to protest this very habit of measuring the American experience by the European yardstick. That two competent historians should thus contribute to the needed redefinition is heartening.

Muller's book, *Issues of Freedom*, is the tighter of the two. Its purpose is a pragmatic examination of the term "freedom." Approaching the topic from various angles, he conceals nothing of the abuses of the word, the obstacles and paradoxes that surround the ideal; yet each time he salvages a residue for its usefulness within society (the organism) as over against the state (the organization). For the state, he argues, must always be, within the free society, the subject of "conscious debate," open to review and revaluation. Thus there can be no freedom within predestinarian or absolutist formulas; however limited man's powers to bend irreducibles to his own wishes, freedom must imply participation in his own future.

Muller finds no pat formula for freedom; nor, indeed, any startlingly new definitions, since the word has long antecedents, and his aim is to synthesize usefully. Religion, philosophy, and science, he observes, cannot guarantee freedom, however much they may contribute; and idealism and egalitarianism breed their own brands of tyranny. Freedom is thus in the end a risk still, but one vastly preferable to its absence.

Boorstin's book, a collection of papers, is less compact. The central theme is that we have too long accepted the criteria of Europe for self-evaluation. He admits that the habit is amazingly persistent; indeed, he finds himself obliged to devote one essay to examining the differences between us. His major conclusion is that American values grow less from "systems" of thought than from contexts and the organic growth of institutions. The remedy, then, for a too long dependence on Europe is a recognition of diversities, even among European nations, and a rejection of a naive "polarization" of democracy and communism. Between the extremes of blind chauvinism and "world-union" idealism lies a pluralist sanity that concentrates on issues in terms of our own experience and our own interests.

Within this general theme the remaining essays find their relevancy. One expresses a skepticism toward some hoary cliches, such as "the colonial mind"; another approves of our habit of direct relations in practical politics. Two non-European cultures serve as case studies for our consideration: the Puerto Rican experience as evolving from local circumstances; and the ancient Jewish time-valued inheritance as contrasted with our brief, untraditional one.

One native touch unites these otherwise divergent books: the preference for an operational and empiric approach. Each author is in his way more concerned to seek a workable conclusion than to perfect some systematic philosophy. Muller's whole attempt, indeed, is to explore the *operational* meaning of freedom, not the philosophic one as such, whereas Boorstin's concern is to view America afresh without the handicap of conventional criteria.

It is significant that voices are being raised today on both sides of the Atlantic to restore a humanist and empiric view of politics, as over against ideologies which damn man out of hand for not fitting conveniently into some iron "system." Perhaps Albert Camus' *The Rebel* heralded the trend, though Camus failed to make use of the American rebellion as an exemplar of his thesis. At any rate, these two books signify a present interest in the possible contribution of America within a new world struggling to be born.

Arms and the Latins

ARMS AND POLITICS IN LATIN AMERICA, by Edwin Lieuwen. Frederick A. Praeger. 296 pp. $4.75.

Reviewed by

Robert J. Alexander

THE AUTHOR presents a most convincing argument to show the futility of one of the principal aspects of our relations with Latin America since World War II. Such a well-documented analysis of the folly of our practice of arming our Latin American neighbors and coddling their military has been long overdue. It deserves to be widely read.

The book is divided into two principal sections. The first deals with the role the armed forces of Latin America have played in their countries' affairs since independence. The second is an analysis of the relations of the United States with the Latin American armies, navies, and air forces, particularly in recent years.

Dr. Lieuwen has sought to find an explanation for the active part military men have played in Latin American politics. He points out that their roles have been different in each of three periods of Latin American history. During the first fifty years of independence, the armed forces were the dominant factor in the political life of virtually all of the Latin American republics because of the lack of a well-defined political structure, the power the armies had acquired during the long revolutionary wars against Spain, and because of the lack of civilian groups of sufficient power and prestige to challenge them.

Beginning in the third quarter of the Nineteenth Century and continuing until 1930, this trend was reversed. Civilian elements began to have an increasingly larger role in politics and the armies tended to retire to their barracks and assume a more purely military role as defenders of national frontiers. Some commentators during this period felt that the curse of militarism was passing from the scene in Latin America.

The curbing of militarism is attributed by Dr. Lieuwen to several factors: the growing resistance of civilians to military control and the tendency towards "professionalism" in the armed forces themselves. With the arrival of foreign training missions from Europe, the officers began to concentrate more on becoming efficient soldiers and less on using the army for purposes other than national military defense.

But in 1930 the tendency towards civilian primacy was suddenly reversed. The army again emerged as the predominant force in the politics of most Latin American countries. Aside from the chaos caused by the Great Depression, Dr. Lieuwen sees a more profound reason for this resurgence of militarism in the rapid social, economic, and political changes in progress in the area.

The military has played a contradictory role in these changes. In some cases it has sought to restrain revolutionary movements. In other instances, as in the case of Peron, the military took leadership in the movement. But in virtually all cases, the armed forces have played a key role on one side or the other.

Dr. Lieuwen pays special attention to the development, from 1948 to 1958, of an especially large number of military dictatorships, with the army assuming, for the most part, a counter-revolutionary role. Since 1955, as Lieuwen observes, the tendency has again been for the military to retire from active politics, though standing ready to step in if circumstances "justify" intervention. Lieuwen is dubious that this most recent trend indicates a definitive decline in militarism.

In summing up the role of the armed forces in politics today, the author notes three categories of countries: that in which militarism is still dominant, that in which the armed forces have abandoned active participation in political life, and that in which the military is making the transition from the first to the second category. This last group is by all odds the most numerous.

The second part of Dr. Lieuwen's book deals with United States' relations with the Latin American military. The author analyzes carefully the nature and extent of our program of aiding the Latin American armed forces. He concludes that the idea that these forces are going to make any significant contribution to hemispheric defense is nothing more than fiction. He asserts that the military aid program is in fact political, designed to placate the armed forces of the area, and must be judged in political terms.

Dr. Lieuwen suggests that on balance the political effects of our arms aid program to Latin America have been negative. Our policy of arming and aiding military dictatorships has aroused widespread resentment among the civilian populace—a fact which has been made amply evident since the control of the dictators has been removed. This point cannot be over emphasized.

Finally, the author suggests an alternative to this program. In the short run, he argues, the United States should now take the lead in encouraging general disarmament in Latin America, on the one hand, and the intensification of Latin American cooperation in programs of economic development on the other. For the longer run, he emphasizes the need to give encouragement to democratically elected, civilian regimes in the area, and for developing a large-scale economic aid program which would help the Latin Americans achieve their objectives of greater productivity and higher living standards less painfully.

Guide on Liberties

THE SUPREME COURT AND CIVIL LIBERTIES, by Osmund K. Fraenkel. Oceana. 173 pp. $1.50 paper, $2.95 cloth.

Reviewed by

David Fellman

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL, now general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, has long been one of the country's leading scholars and advocates in the civil liberties field. He published a pamphlet in 1937 in which he reviewed the leading Supreme Court decisions in this area and has revised it several times since. The book under review is the 1960 edition of this study, now including 148 pages of text, and a 20-page table of cases. It was published in cooperation with the American Civil Liberties Union on the occasion of its fortieth anniversary year.

This little book summarizes in an orderly and concise way the leading decisions of the Supreme Court concerned with civil liberties issues. The emphasis is appropriately upon the more recent decisions, since the design is not to spell out the historical development of major rules of law, but rather to indicate what their essential content is at the present time.

The cases are arranged under conventional headings. Appropriate attention is given to topics one would expect in such a book, such as freedom of expression and the rights of defendants. In addition, some subjects of special current interest are considered, such as guilt by association, the right to be silent, the right to travel, and the legislative investigation.

Fraenkel covers so much ground, however, that his treatment of most topics, while accurate, is necessarily

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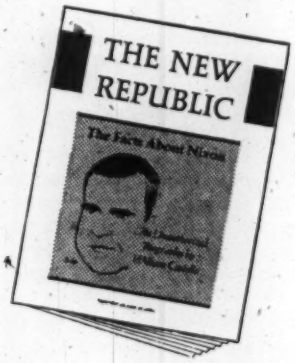

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skimpy. For example, in the section dealing with church-state questions, he devotes only one sentence to the *Everson* case, which was concerned with the use of tax funds to transport children to parochial schools, and only one sentence to the *McCollum* case, which dealt with the offering of sectarian instruction in public school buildings on school time. What he says is accurate enough, but he says little, and there is no analysis.

It follows that this book is a handbook of rules of law and Supreme Court citations, stated with a minimum of language and little or no explanation of underlying rationale. But what it sets out to do it does very well, and all who are concerned with civil rights problems will find Fraenkel's book a handy reference tool, especially where one wants a quick citation to a particular rule.

The Dean of the Notre Dame Law School, Joseph O'Meara, remarks in the introduction to the book that while the will of the people is the chief protector of liberty, the Supreme Court has encouraged this will as our most important institutional safeguard of civil liberties. Fraenkel's summation amply supports this observation.

On the Trail

by Susan Brady

AT A TIME when fiction is increasingly the private views of remote and obscure landscapes, it is a pleasure to read a good, old-fashioned Western. This critic must confess at the outset a preference for Western movies over Swedish art films and a nostalgic belief in the Western as the indigenous American art form. So it was with an unusual degree of joyful anticipation that I set about to read Harry Brown's *The Stars in Their Courses* (Knopf. 362 pp. $4.50).

It turned out to be a water-rights Western. Percy Randal, the largest rancher in the Forkhandle country, is suspected of damming the river that supplies the other ranchers' lands. Mark Lacy, driven by jealousy and fear, finally succeeds in organizing them to make a raid on the Randal land; they pay Arch Eastmere, a local ne'er-do-well just returned from a stint as a hired gun in Mexico, to ride with them. The battle is joined when Eastmere kills young Luke Randal, and it continues in grand Elizabethan style to a gory end. Whatever tricks he uses—and author Brown has a bagful—he does establish a classical quality of fate as this shaky little society makes a crisis, meets it and, barely, survives it. It is chiefly this strong sense of destiny that differentiates *The Stars in Their Courses* from the ubiquitous two-bit Western, one out of four of which is bound to have a similar plot.

Paul Horgan's *A Distant Trumpet* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 629 pp. $5.75) is not, strictly speaking, a Western: it is rather a historical novel about the West, specifically about the pacification of Arizona. Working primarily with the diaries of General Alexander Upton Quait as well as other documents of the period and his own knowledge of the land, Horgan has fashioned a solid, well-paced narrative graced with loving descriptions of desert life.

The common denominator of these novels, and of most Western novels and movies, is the stylization of characters. It may very well be that the epic form demands types rather than individuals, who could never achieve the totality of heroism or cowardice it calls for. Underlying the complexities of plot is a childlike simplicity of values: there are men who are strong and men who are not. The hero is the strongest of all; he is omnipotent. As such, he is loved and respected by all—his officers and men, women and children, Indians—but those who envy him. There is no situation he cannot cope with and he meets each one with quiet wisdom.

Generally the other major characters can be found somewhere on the strong-weak continuum, and the reader can quickly locate them by their relationship with the hero. A skilled writer like Horgan might duplicate the hierarchy several times and even introduce an eccentric (General Quait, the sententious Indian-fighter, is one). Nevertheless, the basic pattern is there: the strong leaders love their wives, keep their word, do their duty, and rule with honor, justice, and decency. The strong followers behave more or less the same way, except that they serve rather than rule and that they do loyally and bravely. The weak, on the other hand, usually abuse women or connive or snivel or betray confidence. It is easy to smell a rat in a Western after you've been through a few.

The appeal of the Western, which has been so often scorned by the social commentators and the highbrow motion-picture critics, cuts across class barriers: even the President of the United States admits to enjoying a good one now and then. A small band of intellectual hearties compare remembered lines from old Western flicks. To them, as to the President and to the millions who still go to the movies and who buy pulp, the Western provides a needed and welcome relief from a world where decisions are complicated, where bad men often triumph, where traditional values are not an adequate guide for action or for understanding. The Western is for them a temporary sojourn in a world where physical and moral strength mobilized by a quiet, effective intelligence can conquer brutality and greed. It is a fantasy world where the superior man is king.

Camus' Last

THE POSSESSED, by Albert Camus (translated from the French by Justin O'Brien). Knopf. 182 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by

Melvin J. Friedman

IT IS appropriate that Albert Camus should have ended his literary career with a play version of Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*. His own writing had been haunted by the Russian novelist since his early collection of essays, *The Myth of Sisyphus*, in

THE REVIEWERS

WILSON O. CLOUGH is the W. R. Coe professor of American studies at the University of Wyoming. He wrote "Our Long Heritage." ROBERT J. ALEXANDER, professor of economics at Rutgers, has specialized in Latin American affairs. Among his books is "The Bolivian National Revolution." DAVID FELLMAN, professor of political science at the University of Wisconsin, wrote "The Defendant's Rights." SUSAN BRADY is an editorial staff member of a national magazine. MELVIN J. FRIEDMAN teaches modern literature at the University of Wisconsin and is the author of "Stream of Consciousness: A Study in Method." WILLIAM McCANN reviews paperbacks regularly for The Progressive; he edited the paperback, "Ambrose Bierce's America."

which he characterized the "absurd man"—a variation on the existentialist man—and found its prototype in the suicidal Alexey Kirilov. Dostoevsky's creature who was bent on killing himself to assert his free will and become God ("The man who dares to kill himself is God") is in the main line of development of Camus' own enigmatic heroes.

Although Camus' most important work was done in the novel, the philosophical tale, and the essay, he occasionally turned to the theater both as playwright and director. His first play, *Caligula*, had a brief run on Broadway last spring. Despite the haunting presence of Camus' recent and tragic death, the play received mixed reviews, with such polite but decisive thrusts as *The New Yorker* critic's comment: "*Caligula* is the work of a man superbly endowed to be almost anything except a playwright."

Camus always remained blissfully unperturbed by adverse criticism and thought of each of his works as part of a vast experimental exercise in probing the consciousness of his age. *The Possessed* is all the more crucial in this development as it combines his continued fascination with Dostoevsky with his impassioned love for the theater.

It is only with great difficulty that novels can be turned into plays. Henry James had little success when he transformed his *Daisy Miller* and *The American* into plays; Carson McCullers fared somewhat better with *The Member of the Wedding*. In each case the novelist-turned-playwright was relying on his own material. Camus' task was considerably more challenging, but he had fortunately passed through the needed apprenticeship with his adaptation of Faulkner's *Requiem for a Nun*. So there is a certain dramatic ease and theatrical comfort in *The Possessed*—admirably realized in Justin O'Brien's translation of it.

In his preface to the play Camus insists on his devotion to Dostoevsky's novel ("*The Possessed* is one of the four or five works that I rank above all others") and on his thoroughgoing reliance on its pace and tone ("I merely tried to follow the book's undercurrent and to proceed as it does from satiric comedy to drama and then to tragedy"). The descriptive needs of the novel are satisfied in Camus' drama by the interjection of a narrator who is a combination of the Tennessee Williams-Thornton Wilder type stage manager and the Greek chorus. He not only comments on the action and passes moral judgment but is also a functional character in the play proper. The plot of Camus' *The Possessed* follows faithfully the Dostoevsky original with additional material drawn from the Russian novelist's notebooks.

The unifying character in the play, even more than in the novel, is Nicholas Stavrogin. A large number of scenes concern meetings between him and other characters—each of whom depends on him for a kind of sustenance, each of whom tries to discover something about himself by looking into the distorted mirror of Stavrogin's mind. He is something different for each person: for Peter Verkhovensky he is the choice for mythical leader of a revolution to overthrow the Russian government and the choice for Tsar of the new International; for Stepan Trofimovich he is the champion of a new idealism based on the power of the word; for Ivan Shatov he is a spiritual principle who will lead him to a belief in God; for Alexey Kirilov he is an escape from madness and a sounding board for philosophical suicide. His relations, then, with the other characters—who in a sense are all imperfect aspects of him—are thoroughly ambiguous. We discover towards the end of the play that he cannot genuinely communicate or sympathize with any of them; his confession to Bishop Tihon,

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which was suppressed in most versions of Dostoevsky's novel, indicates the extent of his disturbance.

Camus felt keenly the need when he wrote *The Possessed* to dramatize a situation with "current application." Verkhovensky's revolutionary proposal is a clear anticipation of Soviet Russia. The search for God in a nihilistic social framework is close to certain problems of the atomic age. And Dostoevsky's characters are familiar to readers of the novels of Gide, Kafka, Samuel Beckett, and Camus himself.

We can appreciate the crucial position of *The Possessed* as the final addition to the Camus canon. It is as timely politically as Camus' *Reflections on the Guillotine* (which had a special relevance recently to the Caryl Chessman case). It is probably as successful a literary work as *The Stranger* and *The Plague* and has the same chance of survival as any other work by the 1957 winner of the Nobel Prize.

Paperback Plums

by William McCann

POSSIBLY because this is a Presidential election year, numerous paperbacks published lately deal with politics and government. Notable examples are Clinton Rossiter's *The American Presidency* (Harvest. $1.95) and D. W. Brogan's *Politics in America* (Anchor. $1.45). Other interesting titles in this category are:

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American Foreign Policy, A Documentary History, edited by Robert A. Divine (Meridian. $1.45)

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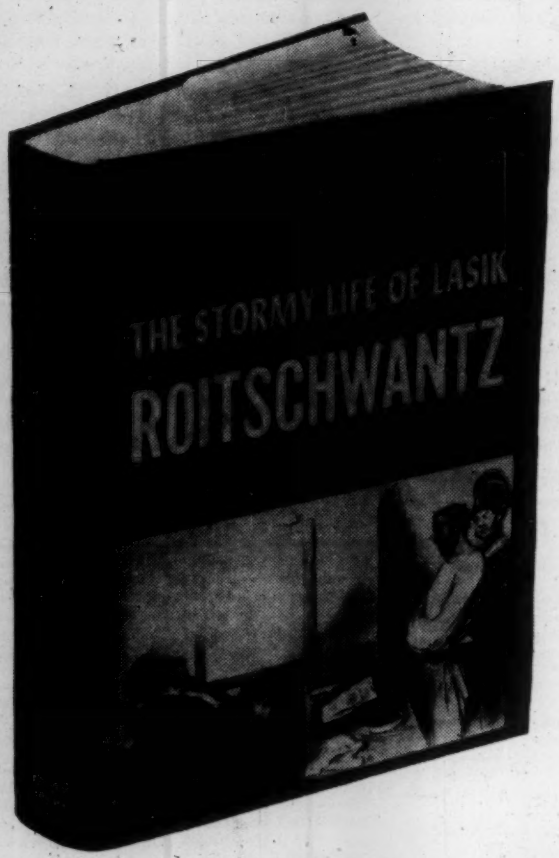

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